

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone

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- We Can Help War-Tense Youth—*Bernard Ikeler*
- The Christian in Medicine—*Robert M. Myers, M.D.*

FEBRUARY, 1953 - 25c

The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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Fireside Sortie

Outside, the snow glistens and the winds bites, and only the hardy, like those on our Cover, venture forth. Housebound though we be, our minds soar into the stratosphere, there to gaze upon a mist-enshrouded world below. In this mind's-eye view, church spires pierce the clouds; pinpoint lights perforate the mists; here and there giants lift their heads above the fog.

Unhampered by problems of transport, we swoop through the blanket that encases the earth. It is made of fear—and fears. The spires straight and tall rise from strong, spiritually vigorous churches. Those many pinpoints of light baffled us. In this fear-laden century, were they from armament factories, atomic energy plants, radar stations? No; instead, they came from homes, big and little, all striving to keep the commandment, "Love one another." And the giants? They were leaders, past and present, who inspire hope in face of disabling fear. With confidence restored, the little men beneath the clouds function efficiently; men and nations cooperate; iron curtains melt into bridges of brotherhood.

Such was our vision as we sortied into the imagination, the "library of the soul." And such is our vision as we send *Hearthstone* to the press. May it bring you courage and inspiration for the tasks at hand, and open wider fields of thought and action in the home. Perhaps it will help transform, if not iron curtains, then walls and fences, into bridges of brotherhood.

● This issue . . . Articles to help understand our young people and their problems: We Can Help War-Tense Youth; Youth and Drug Addiction. Our children, sick or well: The Young Lion Tamer in Bed; Homework for Ma and Pa. Our old people: Shelved (a story). Ourselves and our times: Dr. Crane's Better Housing Helps to Make Better Families; Hospitality Without Alcoholic Headaches.

Next Month

Here are a few of the titles: What God Expects of Us; Family Nights at Home Can Be Fun; The Christian Teaching; Success After Sixty-five. Another article on war-tense youth. And more! But there's frost upon the pen point—and ice in the inkwell!

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A WORD FROM *The Word*

BROTHERS IN UNITY

Behold, how good and pleasant it is
when brothers dwell in unity!
It is like the dew of Hermon,
which falls on the mountains of
Zion!
For there the LORD has commanded
the blessing,
life for evermore.

—Psalm 133:1, 3.

“Thus says the LORD of hosts,
Render true judgments, show kind-
ness and mercy each to his brother,
do not oppress the widow, the fa-
therless, the sojourner, or the poor;
and let none of you devise evil
against his brother in your heart.”

—Zechariah 7:9-10.



THE WORD IN LIFE

These men and women, students from many lands, are shown reading the Bible together, each in his own tongue, at Union Theological Seminary in New York. When they have earned their advanced theological degrees, they will scatter over the globe to make their brothers,

“BROTHERS IN UNITY”

By **BERNARD IKELER**

*A member of the Lambertville,
New Jersey, high school faculty*

We can help **WAR-TENSE YOUTH**

The first of two articles by a man who knows youth, their hopes and their fears

HOW well are young people bearing up under the burden of wars and rumors of wars? Is there reason to believe that they are slipping into hysteria, anxiety, irresponsibility? What's happening to them? How should parents behave as a consequence?

None of the young people I'm acquainted with (and I'm a high school teacher) show signs of serious upheaval. But they do, of course, feel the tensions of the times.

Occasionally, I hear junior or senior boys demand: "What's the use of studying? We're all going into the service anyway." To be sure, I more frequently hear them say: "The time we're going to

spend in the service will not be a very large part of our lives. I'm studying hard so I can get a good job when I come out of the service." Most students are not letting their schoolwork slip. But some of them are.

Young people, particularly girls, *are* worried over the fact that military service means postponement of marriage. More and more girls see that they will have to take jobs after graduation. And not all of them are happy about the prospect.

Some boys say they have made detailed plans for a career; many say they have made no plans. All of them are eager for information about the possibility of getting vocational training while in service, or of receiving college instruction as a member of a Reserve Officers' Training Corps.

I'd say this about the way young people are standing up under war-created tensions: They aren't hysterical. They do face the problems peculiar to the times. But most of them, to some degree, are worried, and need the help of their parents.

What Can Parents Do?

Parents can, despite the darkness of the moment, give their offspring faith in the future. I doubt that they can do a great deal more; I believe that they dare not do less.

The young person who really understands that his future will consist of many things above and beyond the present crises is comparatively safe against anxiety and irresponsibility. Given a firm conviction that tomorrow—though it be ten or twenty years away—will be better, he can put up with today's disruptions and postponements.

But it is precisely this sense of future that a young person is most likely to lack. His childhood and his adolescence have, by their very nature, been periods of radical change. What reason has *he* to believe that his adulthood, too, will not be a period of radical change?

By and of himself, no young person—particularly no young person of today—can grasp the idea that life is never complete chaos, never perpetual revolution. He must get the idea from his parents. Otherwise he develops it too late, or not at all.





Thus, in these trying times, the greatest gift a parent can give his child is faith that day follows night as surely as night follows day. (I believe this is essentially a matter of religious conviction.) Especially at present, parents are under obligation to equip their offspring with the sense that beyond the dangers of the moment lies sure, solid security.

Let's Be Specific!

The young man who has no plans for a career after his term of military service needs to realize that adult life involves work—many years of it. When he comes to understand this, he'll have a surer grasp of what his future will be like and hence a feeling that it really will materialize.

So we fathers ought not restrain ourselves from bringing our jobs home with us. On the contrary, we ought to talk shop in the family circle with as much enthusiasm as we honestly can. By doing so, we'll help our sons realize that young people have always become adults; that they have taken on fairly satisfying jobs; that they have always had to work for a sizeable part of their lives—and probably always will.

Incidentally, we'll also be helping our daughters understand that a job for a few years before marriage won't be *too* awful.

Vocational Counseling Necessary

When the psychological moment presents itself, parents ought to give their offspring help with the problem of choosing and planning a career. (No arguments, please; young people need fewer headaches, not more.) Parents can direct their children to vocational counselors in government employment agencies, Y.M.C.A.'s and Y.W.C.A.'s, high schools and colleges.

The young man who has made up his mind about the kind of vocation he intends to pursue is ready to consider how his term of military service can serve his purpose as well as the nation's. Today, military service offers vocational training in electronics, aviation, engineering—literally in hundreds of fields. Thus it's wise for a young man to talk with a recruiting officer months before induction time. Parents ought to suggest that he do so in the event he does not think of it himself.

Give Youth a Sense of the Future

In short, I'm worried about the young person who has no job plans. I suspect he doubts that he has a future. His parents ought to give him a sense of tomorrow, by demonstrating that *they* have a present, by guiding his imagination toward problems which suggest that *he* has a future.

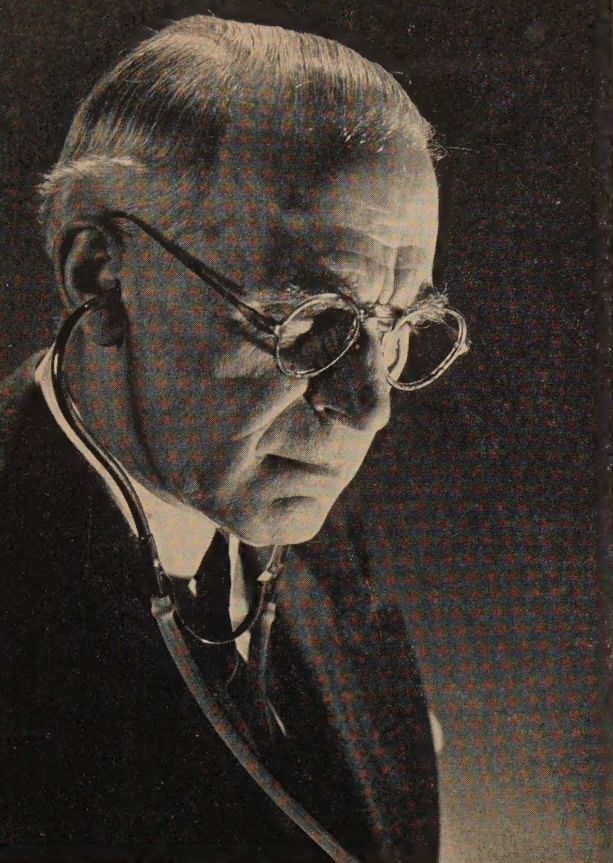
The young person who is letting his schoolwork slip is, in all likelihood, not greatly different from the young person who has given no thought to a career: both are lacking in a sense of the future.

I know teen-agers who say, quite truthfully, that war-created tensions lead them to study neither harder nor less hard. For them, the trials of the immediate future loom large, but not larger than the happier possibilities of the more distant future. War-created tensions have but little effect upon these students, at least in so far as schoolwork is concerned.

There *are* students who, because the times are out of joint, are accomplishing less than they could in school. To their parents I can only repeat: Guide your child to a conviction that all is not loss; that

(Continued on page 45.)





By **ROBERT M. MYERS, M.D.**

A practicing physician of Kansas City, Missouri

The Christian

Old or young, specialist or general practitioner, a good doctor is more than a man of science. With a background of culture, he will need to know not only anatomy, chemistry, physics, psychology, but philosophy and religion, too

*After years of practice,
Dr. Myers gives his ideas
for a workable formula for
the well-being of mankind*

WRITING an article on "Being a Christian in Medicine" I thought would not be too difficult a task. As I sit down to write, however, I find that there is a great deal of difference between trying to live one's religion and writing about it.

After you read this—if you do—sit down with a pencil and paper and try writing an analysis of how your religion affects you in your business or profession. It will be hard, but it will probably be very good for the practical part of your soul.

First, the science of medicine, my profession, is a very exact

science. We take very few things for granted, or "on faith alone." The newer antibodies, the surgical procedures did not come about by faith. Formulae and procedures were first carefully worked out; then they were applied month after month, even year after year, experimentally; then, and only then, and only when they worked, were they used.

A religion taken only on faith, "because my mother or father was a good Christian," or, "because I had a fine church school teacher," is worth little unless it is tried. How much the story of Thomas means to a doctor: "I will believe only when I see him—when he proves his resurrection." Can religion, then, be reduced to an exact science? Will it do everything it promises to do in these doubting times? Can we believe, "If you have faith—as a grain of mustard seed . . . nothing will be impossible to you"? In these trou-

blous, confused, glorious times, can we accept "Let not your hearts be troubled . . ."? In this scientific, atomic-bomb-threatened age, does "because I live, you will live also" have any meaning?

Yes, from my background of science I again say, "Yes"—Christianity (let's be specific about it) can be reduced, can be exact. God is not dead. How heartening it would be in these days to hear the thunderous challenge from men in high places and from you and me, that ancient battle cry of the armies of Israel, "If God is for us, who is against us?"

Here is the formula, the recipe, the prescription, the first and greatest commandment, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your mind . . . you shall love your neighbor as yourself." This, my brethren, is "the law and the prophets." This is the core of the New Testament. "This do and live."

Now we reduce Christianity to a practical, livable, workable formula. No "tests of faith," no "recitations of creeds." Now we meet the requirements so we can enjoy the rewards.

"You shall." Or, as the little boy said, "You gotta." How we need to have, and to heed, a voice of authority today! How we have watered down religion! From my student days I remember the weak sister with his first sermon: "You must confess something, repent to some ex-

Medicine

tent, be baptized somehow or be damned somewhat." NO! Turn to Acts. Read the original; again look at your life. He is talking to *you*. You, John Smith, or you, Mary Jones, "shall love the Lord your God. . . ." So we say, "I do love him. I see him in a baby's smile, the beauty of a lily, the glory of a sunset." And how else? Listen to him "with all your heart."

After some twenty-two months in the European Theatre of Operations in World War II, I came home, took off my uniform and said, "So help me, no one can ever again tell me that I *have* to do anything." But I forgot the words of Paul.

Perhaps someone had said, "Paul, don't you get tired of being beaten, being spit upon, being held up as an object of con-

tempt because you persist in following the Man of Gallilee? Why don't you go back home? Yours was one of the first families there?"

I see Paul draw himself up. I see his eyes flash. I hear him say with deep conviction, "The love of Christ controls me"—which is another way of saying, "These things I've got to do."

Do they need you for a church school teacher? Do they need you in the council? Do they need your tithe, so your church can be more effective? None of your business? The love of Christ must *force* you to do all

these things. "You shall love. . . ." How? *With all your heart!*

Too many people feel that religion is an endurance contest. "Those who endure to the end shall be saved." So we hang on grimly, enduring from day to day, never enjoying it all.

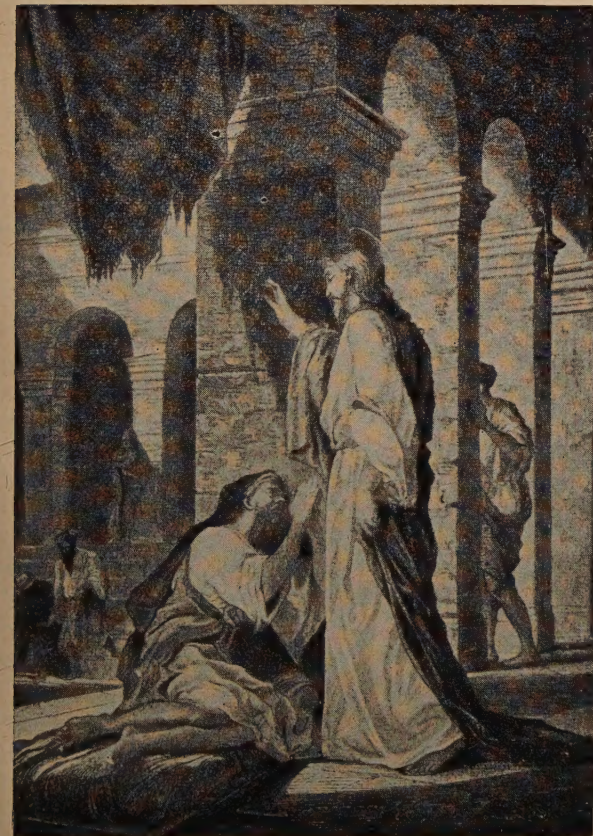
If you do not enjoy religion, the fault is not with religion, not with the minister, nor with anything else. It lies with *you*.

How many times have you gone into a church service unprepared, sitting in your pew with an attitude which says, "I dare you to do anything to me that will send me out with a song in my heart."

Any reward is predicated on the fact that we meet the conditions before we receive the reward.

During World War II, I was stationed in England while waiting for D-day. I shall always remember my first English church service, in January, 1944, in a little Norman church at Little Budworth, some thirty miles out of Chester.

Those were dark days in Britain, and it was a cold,



—Bida

JESUS HEALING THE IMPOTENT MAN AT THE POOL

Read, or re-read, Mark, for a brief account of Jesus, the Great Physician

dark, drizzling Sunday morning. The vicar took as his text, "Rejoice in the Lord always; again I will say, Rejoice." He felt one should enjoy religion as one does a good Rugby match. Do we?

There is the commandment, "You shall love with all your heart." But too many would be perfectly happy to take their religion out in shouting, make it wholly an emotional experience. But listen, "... with all your strength." Change that a little, "with all your pocketbook." Again the old man's plaint, "Preachin' that ain't paid for don't sound good."

Today, I should be in Africa, China, Japan, somewhere on a foreign field as a medical missionary instead of being a "too busy" M.D. in the States. Why am I not? After putting myself through medical school—then volunteering for foreign service, I was told, very sincerely, "We are sorry, but there is a depression on. We are calling back instead of sending out new medical missionaries." A depression in the thirties, yes, but has any one of you ever known a time when there was not a depression in the church?

I remember the words of that great man of God, L. N. D. Wells, when he said in a sermon that our approach to the offering is something like this:

"We pass this offering plate this morning not primarily because we need your money. We pass it primarily to give you a chance to save your own souls."

Fireside Reverie

The flowery dell where first we met

Lies stark now, caught in Winter's vise;

The cedars of our trysting-place

Lift branches filigreed in ice.

Bluebird and thrush have winged away

Before the Norther's chilling blow;

The verdant world we loved is dead,

Close-wrapped in winding-sheet of snow.

But let stern Winter's sleety whip

Lash down from skies ash-gray and drear—

It cannot quench the fire that glows

Upon the hearth we share, my dear.

ROBERTA M. PATE

By far the sweetest symbols,

That God shapes out of strife,

Are the saintly, really good folks,

From this shoddy stuff called life.

LEE LAKE OVERTURE

How much is your soul worth? Perhaps if we had more tithers, we would not need to worry so much about the future of our world. "How can they go except they be sent."

"You shall . . . with all your mind." I think it was Rafe Miller who told me of a very faithful old couple who were always regular attendants at church, until one day the husband had a stroke. In due time they came back again, but now the husband's mind was a complete blank. One day the wife said, "Do you know, Dr. Miller, since my husband lost his mind we just *live* on your preaching."

Of course we know what she meant, but how many of us check our mind with our coat or hat as we go into the church service?

What would happen in my church if each year I attended refresher courses in religion as I do in medicine . . . and then used my mind. The tremendous untapped resources in the minds of the men and women in the church are there to be utilized.

"You shall . . . with all your soul." But just what happens to a man, who, when he has time for everything else but his soul, refuses responsibility by saying: "But I'm too busy"? An elder and a fine old school man, Professor Burke, once said (and I have remembered and tried to practice it): "When a man is too busy for God, he is *too* busy."

What happens?? Buchenwald . . . Russia today. Two thousand years of Christianity's effort to help overcome "man's inhumanity to man" are annulled. Where men forget to love him with all their soul, they become brutes.

We've got to cultivate this soul. Remember the voice which came to that shepherd on the side of Mt. Horeb? "Moses, put off your shoes from your feet, for the place on which you are standing is holy ground."

Any holy ground in your life today? Let's get back to the church, not to use it blindly as a fetish or as a charm, but to use it intelligently, that all men everywhere might remember they are brethren, and there is one God and one Father over us all.

Hate, greed, suspicion, dishonesty, immorality in an individual or on a world-wide level can be done away with when we learn the "First and Greatest Commandment."



SHELVED

A STORY

By PEARL NEILSON

Man or woman, could this be your future, too?

YOU know, Miss Martin," the gray-haired woman in the old rocking chair asserted, her voice quivering, "I enjoy your visits a lot, and it's wonderful to have the magazine every month, but I wish I could do something for the church. Do you suppose they think I'm too old to help? I'm only seventy-five."

For a moment Evelyn Martin found it impossible to speak. It had never occurred to her that the old people she visited every month were not perfectly happy in their inactivity, but the pain in Grandma Haskins' voice and the tears in her eyes made it very evident such was not the case.

"I don't want you to think I am complaining," the older woman continued. "I know the young folks ought to have a chance, and I'm willing they should. It's just that . . ." for a moment she paused, "that I get sort of homesick sometimes to do something again."

"But you have done so much," the caller insisted. "I have heard my mother tell of how you used to work. You deserve a rest now." She smiled, sure her argument was convincing.

Mrs. Haskins shook her head. "You'll understand when you're older," she declared, "and you won't want to be laid on the shelf, either."

Evelyn looked at her watch. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "I didn't realize how late it is. I want to make at least one more call before dinner, and tonight is choir practice."

"It's awful nice of you to spend so much time with us has-beens," her hostess murmured tremulously. "I'm sure the rest of them look forward to your visits as much as I do."

As she walked the two blocks to Henrietta Holmes' house, Evelyn did considerable thinking. When she was old, would she wish she had a part in the church activities? There were moments now when she imagined it would be wonderful to be free from some of her responsibilities, but she couldn't picture herself with absolutely no demands on her time. Grandma Haskins was mentally alert, and had a surprisingly strong voice. Her lameness kept her from getting out in bad weather, but she was always ready to go if someone called for her. Probably she did miss being active, but there were so many young people in the church who needed responsibility, it was inevitable that the older ones should be pushed into the background.

Henrietta Holmes was unusually quiet all during the visit. "Aren't you well today, Mrs. Holmes?" the visitor inquired solicitously.

"I guess I'm well enough," the old woman replied, her eyes downcast.

"If something is worrying you and I could be of any help, you know I'm glad to do whatever I can," the other continued.

Suddenly Mrs. Holmes stiffened. "I don't know that it's worrying me," she blurted out, "but it sure is hard to take."

"Hard to take?" Evelyn repeated wonderingly. "I'm afraid I don't know what you mean."

"Like as not you don't. Nobody does, 'cept us old folks what aren't wanted around any more."

The caller gasped. Could it be possible all the old people felt that way?

"You act as if you was surprised, but you shouldn't be. How would you like it if some young upstarts

began doing all the things you used to do, and let you know you wasn't needed, or even wanted."

"But . . . but . . ." words seemed inadequate, "I'm sure there has been no thought of not wanting you. It's just that . . ."

"Don't try to smooth it over," the irate woman sputtered. "It's as plain as the nose on your face, but there's nothing we can do about it. We have to go on living as long as the Lord wants us on this earth; so I guess the only thing we can do is stay at home and mind our own business."

"I'm—I'm sorry you feel that way," the visitor apologized. "I'm very sure no offense was meant."

"That's mighty easy to say," came the quick retort, "but just wait a few years and see how you're going to feel!"

Very thoughtfully Evelyn Martin went on to make her final visit of the afternoon. What would she find in Sophronia Simmons' house?

Sophronia's eyes were suspiciously red, and her lips trembled as she welcomed her caller. "I'm glad to see you," she choked. "Come right in."

"Miss Simmons!" Evelyn exclaimed when the two were seated. "What in the world has happened?"

The reply was a sniff as an already moist handkerchief went to the woman's eyes. At last she spoke. "I shouldn't let it bother me," she sobbed, "but sometimes I wonder why I'm left living. I'm no good to anybody any more."

"But that isn't true," the visitor contradicted. "Think of all the girls and boys who have gone

through your church school classes. You have been a great deal of good to them."

"*Have been* is right," the other flared. "What I want is to be good for something *now*. I want to be needed, to do something, not just sit idle and wait for you to call on me month after month."

In the silence which followed, Sophronia struggled for composure. Finally she said, "I didn't mean to do like this. It's the first time I ever told anybody how I feel, but some days I think I can't stand it. I knew when I got to be sixty-five I'd have to give up teaching school, but I never dreamed the church would feel that way, too."

"I am sure," Evelyn insisted, "the church does not mean to put anyone on the 'retired list.' The church is made of people like you and me, and sometimes they fail to get a true perspective. When they do, things that are wrong are changed."

"I wouldn't want anyone else to know I was so childish," Miss Simmons hurried to say. "I suppose their way is best, but sometimes . . ."

"All of us have our moments of depression," the caller hastened to assure her. "That just proves we are human."

Two hours later Evelyn Martin and Faye Gardner were on their way to choir practice, Evelyn unusually quiet, Faye disturbed by her friend's mood.

"Do you know," Evelyn finally exclaimed, "I can't get over those old women wanting to do something for their church."

"But what can they do?" the other protested. "They are too old to take part in meetings, and . . ."

"I'm not so sure they are. They are just as clear mentally as you and I are, and just as capable."

"Well, what do you propose to do about it?"

For a moment Evelyn was silent, then said slowly, "The cabinet of the Women's Society meets next week. I am going to bring up the matter there."

Before Evelyn addressed the cabinet meeting she did a great deal of thinking, and her thinking was based on the statements the elderly women had made. "At first," she told the women, "I was inclined to dismiss their remarks as senile, but the more I think about it, the more I believe we have made a mistake."

"What do you want us to do?" a flippant young lady queried. "Have all the officers resign and elect old ladies in their places?"

"I doubt if they would want to hold offices," Evelyn answered, ignoring the sarcasm. "But it is not right to make them feel they have been put on the shelf."

"You are right," the program chairman agreed. "I am surprised none of us has thought about it before, and I am ashamed of my part in this neglect."

"I remember," another spoke up, "when Mrs. Haskins made the most interesting talks on missionary subjects. Her sister's family were missionaries in Africa, and her home is filled with pictures and curios."

The Unforgotten

Three precious sounds the home endears
Follow us all across the years:

Stray bits of song by gladness moved
That sounded from the lips we loved;

The wise and understanding word
In earnest, tender moments heard;

And through faith-consecrated air
The gentle music of a prayer.

Whatever else fades in the past,
These Mem'ry holds until the last.

CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN

"Do you suppose she would talk at our next missionary meeting?" the missionary education superintendent asked.

"I think she would be delighted," Evelyn answered, then added, "Why don't you ask her, Hazel? If I go, she will feel sure I engineered the whole plan."

"Come to think about it," the president remembered, "Sophronia Simmons was especially good at reading the Scripture. Her voice is clear, and I believe it would add interest to our meetings if we had different ones take part instead of the leader doing everything herself."

"Why don't you see her?" Evelyn suggested. "I am sure she would be pleased."

"I never will forget Mrs. Holmes' prayers," a quiet little woman said presently. "When I was just a young girl I heard her pray in different meetings, and she seemed to talk to God as no one else I knew had ever done."

"It would do her a great deal of good to be told that," Evelyn smiled.

"All right," the program chairman took up the plan, "Ruby, you call on Mrs. Holmes and tell her of your memories; then ask her to make the opening prayer at our meeting next week."

"You know," Mercedes Rankin said thoughtfully, "there are other old women in the church who never took prominent parts in our work, but who might be glad to do something to help with a program."

"Just this morning," the chairman remarked briskly, "I came across a little dialogue which would be just right for six women."

"I'll type it off, one for each of them," Mercedes offered. "Oh, I believe this is going to be wonderful, not only for the old ladies who have begun to feel left out, but for the rest of us."

Sometime after the meeting, Faye met Evelyn and asked her how the plan was working.

Evelyn's eyes shone. "Wonderfully," she declared, "wonderfully."

"I don't know whether you are to blame or not," Grandma Haskins beamed on Evelyn's next visit, "but I've been happier sorting out material for my part in missionary programs than I have been for months. I tell you, it does something for a person to feel that he is needed."

Sophronia Simmons was smiling when she opened the door. "You never could guess what happened," she almost sang. "The president of the Women's Society was here just this morning, and asked me to read the Scripture at the next meeting. I don't know when I have been so pleased."

And Mrs. Holmes smiled happily as she said, "If I had even dreamed my prayers had helped people the way Ruby Jennings says they helped her, I wouldn't have been tempted to complain. But perhaps I can help someone else now, even if I am an old woman."

"I almost wept," Mercedes Rankin admitted, "when I took those slips of paper around. Some of the old ladies could hardly believe anyone wanted them to do something in our meetings. They held

the papers almost lovingly and said over and over, 'Me? Do they really want me?' I tell you, we have reason to be thankful Evelyn Martin opened our eyes. As long as they can get around at all, no one is ever too old to help."

"And when they can't get around," the president added, "we will still make them feel wanted."



WELFARE MILESTONES

BY JASPER B. SINCLAIR

"Man's inhumanity to man" still makes "countless thousands mourn," as the poet Burns wrote more than a century and a half ago. But there is a brighter side to it. Man's humanity to man in our own country is recorded in a few of the milestones that mark the road to a better life.

1636—*The Scots Charitable Society*. Founded at Boston to care for refugees from the Cromwell wars, it was the first and oldest charitable organization in the United States.

1727—*First children's institution*. Founded at New Orleans by Ursuline Nuns, it was to care for children who had been orphaned by Indian massacres in the South.

1752—*Pennsylvania Hospital*. Founded at Philadelphia, it was the first institution of its kind in North America. The cornerstone was laid by Benjamin Franklin, one of its chief founders.

1853—*The Children's Aid Society of New York*. The first foster home service for children, it was the first to place dependent or neglected children in "foster homes" rather than in orphanages.

1854—*The Nursery for Children of Poor Women*. Established in New York City, it was the first day nursery in this country.

1877—*Visiting Nurse Association*. Founded in New York City, it was the first in the United States.

1877—*The first Family Service Society*. Founded at Buffalo, New York, it was to "do away with the whole indiscriminate method of almsgiving" and to "organize the charitable impulses and resources of the community in behalf of families in need according to their needs."

1877—*The Associated Charities of Denver, Colorado*. This inaugurated this country's first fund-raising campaign with twenty-three health and welfare services included.

1909—*First Council of Social Agencies at Milwaukee and Pittsburgh*. There are today some four hundred councils throughout the United States, often called "Community Welfare Councils."

1913—*First Community Chest*. Established at Cleveland, Ohio, it was the first united fund-raising campaign with budgeting and social planning on a city-wide scale.



Home instruction, to be complete, must encompass the child's spiritual development. To this end, the church school gives homes materials and guidance

THE SPANGLERS are new at this job of being parents. It is true that they have had five years of experience, because their oldest child, Alice, has been with them for that length of time. But they are still learning the fine art of parenthood. They have two other children: Marjorie, three, and George, one.

Mr. and Mrs. Spangler are wise enough to realize that they do not yet know all about the social, mental and spiritual development of their children. Every day brings new experiences, new problems, new opportunities. They are learning even as their children are learning. They know, too, that they are teachers. Their home is a school. Their children are their pupils.

This school must train the pupils in all of the finer things of life. It is here that they learn their first words, their first sentences, and methods of self-expression. So the parents must be language teachers. The Spanglers know that their children learn

language largely as they hear their parents use it. So they must try to use good, expressive, descriptive words and sentences.

In the home children learn social customs, manners, personal hygiene, attitudes. Mr. and Mrs. Spangler must try to set a good example for their children, and to teach them these things. If, for instance, the parents lose their tempers and "blow their tops," they can expect similar responses from their children. If they are kind, considerate, loving, they will see these qualities in their children even as their physical characteristics are duplicated in them.

What about the spiritual development of their children? Isn't this area of their growth to be relegated to the church school? Isn't it the job of the church school to care for the spiritual side of their learning?

To be sure, the Spanglers enrolled each child in the church school at an early age, and took them regularly to their various classes. The children have come to love their church school teachers, and to look forward eagerly to Sunday.

Alice and Marjorie have come to know the minister and to love him. Alice was very happy and learned much on the day that the minister took her kindergarten class on a tour of the church building, explaining the meanings of the various appointments.

But Mr. and Mrs. Spangler are wise enough to know that there

is homework to be done in the realm of the spiritual training of their children. One day a week is insufficient. Would their children learn a language if they heard it used only one hour each week? What would be their progress if customs, manners, kindness, love were exhibited before them only one hour in one hundred and sixty-eight hours? Likewise, their spiritual development would be slow if the only religious training that they received was what they experienced for one hour each Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Spangler want their children to grow up with a faith and trust in God. They know that an hour a week in the church, as valuable as that is, is insufficient to insure their children's religious growth.

The Spangler home is a training school for religious development. The children are taught every day—yes, at every contact and at every experience—to have fellowship with God, and to feel the brotherly presence of Jesus. What is God's will on this issue? What would be Jesus' decision at this point? Almost constantly such questions are kept in the forefront of the children's minds. The parents know that each Christian thought, word, relationship,

homework

for

Bethany Christian Church
Roanoke, Virginia

Alice, five, is in the kindergarten department. At the beginning of each quarter the teacher mails to Mr. and Mrs. Spangler a specially prepared "Message to Parents." From time to time the

Each Sunday, Alice brings home from church school a four-page leaflet. It contains pictures, sto-

The Spanglers know that they need help. They need suggestions for family worship and

FEBRUARY, 1953



ries, songs, Bible verses and activities directly related to the lesson for the day. Alice will want her parents to read the story again and again. The song, which she learned in the class, may be learned and sung at home in family gatherings. Scripture and prayers may be used at mealtime or in family worship.

The Spanglers are very grateful for these materials, and as they use them and follow their suggestions, they see evidence of progress in the religious development of Alice.

What about helps for the younger children? The Spanglers get help for them, too.

Marjorie is in the three-year-old group of the nursery department. The parents have received a copy of a booklet to help them in guiding her spiritual growth. Not only does it help them to understand the various stages of child development, but it gives specific guidance in helping the child when she reaches these stages. It lists other materials which the parents may secure for additional help.

Leaflets are given to the parents for use in guiding the child through the quarter. Suggestions are made, and there are definite tie-ins to the unit of study in the class.

Mr. and Mrs. Spangler are very grateful for the cards and leaflets that they have received from time to time since the birth of George. They have received leaflets each three months, and a birthday card on his first birthday, and will receive others until George is two years old. These inspirational leaflets tell the parents how they may provide a spiritual atmosphere in the home.

When George becomes two years of age, Mr. and Mrs. Spangler will receive from the church school a helpful manual and weekly leaflets. On the cover of each leaflet is a full-color picture of an experience familiar to little children. Valuable suggestions are made to the parents for giving a religious interpretation to these experiences.

The Spanglers are confident that through personal growth and by following these suggestions,

their children are developing spiritually even as they are growing in other ways.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomason, another couple in the church, have children who are older than those of the Spangler family. Their children are Herman, seven, and Lillian, nine. The Thomasons have used the helps coming from the church school up to this point, with much value.

Herman and Lil are in a different world of experience from the

**The empires of the future
are empires of the mind.**

—Winston Churchill

Spangler children because they attend public school and can read and write. Besides the three *R*'s, they are learning the art of associating with other children, and are developing their minds very rapidly.

But the Thomasons, also being wise parents, know that a fourth *R* needs to be stressed—the *R* for religion. They know that an hour each Sunday in church school is not enough for the proper religious nurture of their children. The home, to them also, is the training school for religion.

Herman is in the primary department of the church school. Each quarter he brings home a colorful book which he prizes highly. This book contains lovely illustrations which make Bible stories live. Included are memory verses, prayers, poems, songs and other enrichment material.

When Herman arrives home with his new book, he asks that he use one of the printed prayers as grace before the meal. On Sunday afternoon he reads some of the stories, with his father's help, and answers some of the riddles. For several days in family worship the entire family uses the worship suggestions. He teaches the entire family a song which he learned in his class, and which is printed in the book. The song is used in family gatherings. He learns some of the

bedtime prayers and uses them each night before retiring.

Each quarter the Thomasons receive from the church school teacher a "Message to Parents," which gives information about units of study, suggested Scripture, and other information to help them in guiding the religious growth of their seven-year-old.

Lillian is nine and thus in the junior department. She brings home each quarter a book with many helps similar to those in Herman's book, but sealed to her level of experience and understanding. Her book is used also by the entire family in family worship and meetings. On family night at home both Herman and Lillian insist on using materials from their books. A "Message to Parents" comes each quarter from the church school teacher to help Mr. and Mrs. Thomason in meeting Lillian's spiritual needs. Bible materials relative to Lillian's classwork and experience are printed, and suggestions are made of things to do at home.

Both the Spanglers and Thomasons are deeply grateful that such progressive and valuable materials come to them from the church school. Without such helps they would have difficulty thinking of various activities and finding appropriate stories, songs, prayers and Scripture suited to the level of understanding and experience of their children. With these helps they are never without suggestions.

By following the suggestions, they realize that they are a part of the total educational program of the church. They can more readily appreciate the part that the teacher takes, and they can cooperate better with her. They can understand something of the years of study and planning and experience which have gone into producing the materials.

The church could never do a full and adequate job of training growing children were it not for such consecrated homes as are the Spangler and Thomason homes. The homework done makes the church work more meaningful and lasting. Truly, the home is a part of the educational program of the church.



By STEPHEN J. COREY

Chaplain, U. S. Public Health Hospital (Narcotic); president, United Christian Missionary Society, 1930-38; president, The College of the Bible (Lexington, Kentucky), 1938-45 (now president emeritus); author of books on missions.

YOUTH AND

Drugs seemingly as harmless as a spider's web, soon become as deadly

DRUG ADDICTION

*Marijuana and heroin constitute the trap;
feelings of exhilaration and security,
the bait; unwary youths, the victims, as
grasping peddlers spin the web*

HAVING been a chaplain at the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital for drug addicts for the past eight years, I have had plenty of opportunity to observe the effect of the drug habit upon young and old. To see the large number of youth admitted to the hospital within the last four or five years has been a startling and sobering experience. A short time ago several hundred of the 1300 patients were between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two. The number of young people caught in the trap of the habit justifies an intensive campaign of information and education to combat the evil.

First, I should like to set down some of the insidious and frightful factors in the habit itself.

The drug addict is caught in a mesh which affects his whole personality, one which practically destroys his will to control his own life. And once he has become addicted, his longing for the drug overtops all else and his life without it becomes a horrible nightmare. He must have his drug three or four times a day or, as he will testify, he "suffers the agonies of hell." After being really "hooked," he is a helpless, slave to the habit.

Most people, like myself before I became a chaplain in this hospital, have very erroneous ideas about drug addiction. The intolerant terms used in describing it, such as "dope fiend," and "drug criminal," reveal their misunderstanding. By whatever circumstances the habit has been formed, when it has enslaved the individual, the victim is not usually a criminal to be punished but a dreadfully sick person to be cured. It is too greatly linked up with complete frustration, emotional instability or physical pain, to be cured by penal processes. Making a social outcast of the addict is one of the most effective ways of forcing him to continue the habit. These are some of the reasons



To satisfy their craving for a drug, youths may resort to any means. Public vigilance, stringent laws and law enforcement, and campaigns of education are the best preventives.

why the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, has been established. In this institution the government has undertaken, through scientific processes, to cure the habituate.

Youth Roads to Addiction

Let me outline the usual experience of a young person who becomes "trapped" by the drug habit. In the first place, he may be ignorant of the tragic fate which awaits an addict. In the second place, something has happened in his life to make him emotionally insecure. In many instances there is a broken home or other conditions to bring about a sense of worry or defeat. He seeks some escape.

The psychological condition of the young person may be such as to make him more easily susceptible to any radical diversion from the steady course of life. It may be that he has been thrown into, or has sought the wrong companionship. The youth "gang" life in some great city may have ensnared him.

A boy or girl is often offered a marijuana cigarette by a venturesome friend. It gives him a certain unusual exhilaration. His friend tells him, "Take a deep drag and begin living." He follows this insidious advice. The habit gets something of a hold on him. His ego rises, and he says to himself or perhaps to a friend who warns him, "What the heck, I can quit anytime I wish to." But as he goes on, he does not "wish to."

In the next stage, he gets careless about his schoolwork or other duties. Perhaps he is reprimanded; then, because he has lost some of his mental and emotional balance, he becomes angry and puts any warning out of serious thinking. He imbibes the "reefers," or marijuana cigarettes, more and more. They are illegal and he has to get them through some secret "peddler."

He is now susceptible to a stronger and more dramatic lift. A companion or an illegal drug peddler tells him to try heroin and have a *real* lift. He first sniffs the powder up his nose; then, as the drug takes hold, he resorts to the hypodermic needle to inject it directly into the blood stream. He is quickly "hooked" and has to have his drug because without it he becomes shaky and sleepless and, finally, as the habit becomes advanced, suffers intense discomfort. He has passed, by now, into the realm where conscience and will do not operate. His family, his teachers, his better companions become suspicious. Because of his intense longing for the drug and his bizarre emotional storms, he abandons all direction or advice.

Drugs are extremely expensive. The illegal drug peddler gets his "cut." The young person resorts to deceit, stealing, or any other device or act necessary to get the narcotic which his changed personality and horribly upset body demand. The outcome is easily imaginable. Now, in his dilemma, he may become a criminal in order to get his drugs.

Is There a Way Out?

The best way to meet the problem is, whenever possible, to prevent its happening. Most of the addicts I have talked with have said, "I was ignorant of the effects of narcotic drugs." A campaign of information and education should be so actively carried on that no young person could make that statement. Schools, P.T.A.'s, churches, Boy Scout troops, and young people's groups should be strenuously alerted. Most young people who really know about this evil will avoid it. They should know about the danger and the facts concerning it, just as they know about alcoholism or communism. There has been too much concealment and hush-hush about this dire evil. Barbiturates and bromides (the former called "sleeping pills") and the drugs which keep one awake, should be used with the greatest of care. The barbiturates quite easily become habit forming. Used improperly, they can be a distinct menace to health, and several states have passed laws prohibiting their sale without a physician's prescription.

The narcotic laws against the illegal sale of drugs and also their unlawful importation, must be vigorously enforced. Any suspected violation of these laws should be immediately reported to the authorities. Additional public money should be granted for the enforcement of the present laws.

Is There a Cure for Addiction?

There is a possible cure for the habit, but it is by no means easy. In my chaplaincy at the nar-

cotic hospital I have seen many cures, but many more heartbreaking lapses. There are, besides the government hospitals in Lexington, Ky., and Fort Worth, Texas, private hospitals which undertake to cure such patients. But these are expensive, and real cure means long treatment. The average person is not able to stay at a private hospital for a sufficient time.

There are probably 50,000 narcotic addicts in the United States. The young drug addicts who come to the government hospitals are treated with the greatest care, for from four to six months. They consist of three classes:

1. Prisoners who are addicts and who have been convicted of violating a federal narcotic law.
2. Probationers who are addicts and who have been convicted of law violation and have had their sentences suspended on condition that they accept treatment at the hospital.
3. Voluntary patients who seek treatment of their own accord.

In the Lexington hospital the women and girl patients are cared for in a separate building. It has a sizable staff of physicians, psychiatrists, nurses, and psychiatric aides to care for the patients, all of whom are especially trained. A well-stocked, thousand-acre farm, together with other industries, forms a part of the occupational therapy necessary to a cure. The hospital also has a school and the services of Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish chaplains.

For Further Reading

There is excellent literature available for use among young people, which deals with drug addiction. Among these is an exceptionally fine brochure entitled "Facts About Narcotics," written by Dr. and Mrs. Victor N. Vogel. Dr. Vogel was for a number of years director of the Lexington Public Health Service Hospital. This can be secured from Science Research Associates, Inc., 57 West Grand Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois.



Valentine Puzzlers

BIBLE QUIZ: THE HEART

BY MAY C. SMITH

1. What is it that the fool "says in his heart"?
2. The Bible says, "The LORD looks on the heart." On what does it say that man looks?
3. What does "anxiety in a man's heart" do to the man?
4. What does Proverbs say about "hope deferred"?
5. Who thrust three darts through the heart of Absalom?
6. Who "kept all these things, pondering them in her heart"?
7. With what kind of heart, did David pray that his son would keep God's commandments?
8. Whose wives "turned away his heart from God"?
9. Complete this sentence: "Where your treasure is . . ."
10. What advice did Jesus give his disciples in John 14:1 about their hearts?

VALENTINE QUEEN QUIZ

BY MARY KYLE TUCKER

Most of us are interested in queens. See how many of these you can name. Some are real queens; others are names of places or things, which begin with Queen.

1. King Arthur's wife.
2. Hamlet's mother.
3. Beloved of both Caesar and Antony.
4. A famous English liner.
5. She made tarts, "all on a summer's day."
6. A borough of New York City.
7. A species of spiraea.
8. She visited King Solomon.
9. Fine, glazed, cream-colored English pottery.
10. A queen, in the Bible, who risked her life to save her people.
11. A port in Ireland.
12. Great-grandmother of the present ruler of Great Britain.
13. A state of Australia.
14. A wicked queen who threatened Elijah's life.
15. Good Queen Bess.

Answer on page 43.

AS A CHILD, I was fascinated by a story about a little sick boy who created for himself a world of imagination in which the figures on the wallpaper were ferocious lions and he was their famous trainer. Smartly cracking his imaginary whip, the young master spent hours training his lions, which obeyed implicitly.

The story is not so fantastic as it might seem at first glance. Some children who are sick-abled or just beginning to recover from an illness can be kept amused for hours with passive occupations, such as watching the dance of sunbeams, using as their only equipment for entertainment a small pocket mirror with which to catch patches of light and send them playing about on the walls and furniture.

Other youngsters, particularly as they gain strength, are not so easily entertained. Only the adult who has tried to care for a convalescent child realizes how demanding some children can be, especially when they are well enough to convince themselves that they should be out at play or at least have their playmates in for active games. It is at this stage that the young convalescent is likely to be most fretful, taxing the ingenuity of even the most resourceful adult, who may already be worn out from a siege of bedside serving and watching.

There are, fortunately, an amazing number of things the child may be permitted to do, which will actually speed his recovery. However, the doctor should always be consulted before the young patient is permitted any sort of activity whatever.

Infants are, perhaps, more easily amused than older children, since pastimes for their convalescent moments differ little from those of their most playful ones. Because babies' eyes respond most readily to bright colors, such as vivid red or yellow, they enjoy watching a gay balloon or other colorful toy as it dangles above them. They also like large colored beads or jointed animals placed on a string over the crib. A rain rattle, whose tone, fortunately, is attuned to



A bird bath outside the window or, better still, a feeding station which attracts birds of many species will help to keep children cheerful during their convalescence

THE YOUNG *Lion Tamer* IN BED

By Annie Laurie Von Tungen

Unless your child is immune to colds and diseases of childhood, you'll find many helpful suggestions presented here

adult ears as well as to those of the child, is sometimes a source of enjoyment, as are several spoons or other pleasant noise-makers tied together. Cuddly toys, such as a soft doll, teddy bear, rabbit or kitten, help alleviate any feeling of aloneness and bring comfort to the bed ridden.

If the child is too young to fold, cut, or color paper, or if he is too weak to take an interest in

such diversions, he may still get much enjoyment from watching older children or adults perform for him. The entertainer may draw and color pictures on paper or a blackboard. An explanation or simple story to accompany the action often proves amusing to the child. The storyteller may say, for instance, "Now, we're going to draw a rabbit. First, we'll draw his right ear. Now, we'll make his left ear," and so

on, until he finishes with, "Last, we'll put on his fluffy tail." The child should be encouraged to participate in some way if possible. He may like to suggest something to draw—after all, it takes more ingenuity than artistic or dramatic ability to keep him entertained! Choosing the colors may also amuse him and stimulate his imagination. The "artist" may find himself making red grass and purple snow even though the youngster knows perfectly well that grass is green and snow is white. But when he is a convalescent, perhaps those whimsical flights into the imagination which tickle his sense of humor are permissible.

If a child enjoys telling stories, he should be encouraged to participate. He may relate part of the story; take the role of one character; or choose a name, as, for instance, in a Halloween story, a pumpkin, or a black cat, and continue the tale every time his name is mentioned. Small children love hearing nursery rhymes with a repetition of jingly words which appeal to their sensitivity to pleasant sound.

If a child is not ready for sleep as evening comes on, pantomimes or wall shadows may entertain him. (I shall never forget the fascinating fox shadows my mother used to make on the wall for my sister and me when we were children, and the hand performances, such as the old "Open the Church and see the people," which she gave for us!) Some children, even small ones, find no passive entertainment more to their liking than being sung to or than listening to recorded stories and soothing music on radio or victrola. Simple films are also entertaining.

Watching other children at play may amuse a youngster for a long time. The fun of making a snow man, skating, flying a kite, or playing active games, such as hopscotch, may be communicated to him through the window. He glories in other children's activity, even if he can do no more than clap his hands! Adults confined to bed sometimes become re-

sentful or morbid, brooding on the misfortune of their inactivity if they must watch others participating in the busy workaday world. Fortunately, a child seldom reacts in that way. If he is far advanced in the getting-well stage, he may insist vociferously on joining his comrades at play, but the fact that they are having fun when he cannot, does not make him resentful nor jealous of their "better life." If his bed is placed where he can watch passing cars or people, or even if he can see their reflected actions in a mirror, he may be entertained for a long time.

Idleness may actually retard a child's recovery, but it should be reiterated that the physician should be consulted as to the type of activity given the child. As he progresses from the watching to the doing stage, his hands, as well as his mind, need to be occupied. A youngster's interest-span is not long at best, and the convalescent child, in particular,

should not be overstimulated by too difficult or long-lasting an occupation. If all the means of entertainment are suggested at one time, he is likely to become bored merely from their overabundance. It is wise to start with a simple occupation in order to keep up his interest and increase his desire for accomplishment as he takes on more difficult pastimes. If the child is old enough or sufficiently far along the road to recovery, he should be encouraged to do things for himself in so far as possible. Children, like adults, wish to feel a sense of accomplishment which comes from making something they can see and perhaps present to their friends or relatives later, such as a bit of sewing or beadwork.

When the child is able to sit up, he needs to alternate periods of rest with periods of activity. Yarn for knitting and flower-making, bits of bright cloth for fashioning doll clothes, transfer pictures, and magic slates fur-

Books and magazines, Bible stories and church school papers are staple fare for children during illness. Housebound or bedridden, the child with a book is free to bide a wee in faraway lands, in past or present. And what an opportunity for oldsters, as they read aloud, to revisit childhood haunts of the imagination!



nish materials for occupations of therapeutic value. Some children amuse themselves by making amazing cat cradles, ladders, and other designs with string. Now is the time, too, for games, arithmetical and other tricks, weaving sets, beadwork, paper folding and cutting. (Blunt scissors are a must for young paper cutters!) Equipped with scissors and a colorful magazine or big mail-order catalogue, a child is prepared for hours of fun. He may also enjoy drawing and cutting designs from construction paper. Girls, particularly, like to cut out paper dolls, with hats and other clothing to

match. Almost all youngsters like to color with crayons, paint with water colors, print with rubber-stamp sets, model with clay, blow soap bubbles with one of the modern sanitary sets which may be purchased for fifteen cents, and to whittle or carve figures from bars of soap if they are old enough to use a knife. The latter occupations may prove a bit messy; so protect the bed with papers or a rubber sheet while they are being carried on. Most children like picture books, too, and there are some exciting, though inexpensive, ones on the market for even the very young. These include the ani-

mated books, with raised animals which make appropriate noises at the touch of a pudgy finger, and those with bells that jingle pleasantly as the pages are turned. If the child is old enough to read, he can usually entertain himself with a variety of story books or juvenile magazines. Musical instruments, such as a toy xylophone, bugle, harmonica, accordion, or piano, on which he may play while in bed, are good. Most youngsters like to make scrapbooks or collect stamps; these furnish an excellent pastime while the child is convalescing and may well lead to hobby interests for later life.

BIBLEGRAM
By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern contains a selected quotation from the Bible.

A To act in a nice manner -----	70 41 12 5 95 22
B The number in a quintet -----	4 46 104 64
C Covered with oil -----	103 27 106 71
D One-twelfth of a foot -----	56 66 42 26
E Improper; not right -----	3 18 50 28 58
F A present -----	29 72 53 62
G Place to keep chickens -----	47 68 80 100
H Trout, perch, salmon, and such --	36 89 16 31
I Utensil used for eating soup ---	10 33 82 43 51
J A doctor's helper -----	60 17 38 15 65
K Cut into two equal parts -----	8 19 83 90 13 84
L A stupid person -----	77 23 69 37 44
M Twelve inches make one of these.	24 76 98 54
N Slim or slender -----	48 75 94 57
O Sacred, or godlike -----	93 9 45 6 20 34
P A flaming light -----	25 52 102 21 55

1	2	3		4	5	6	7	8		9
10		11	12	13		14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22		23	24		25	26	27
28	29	30		31	32	33	34	35		36
37	38		39	40	41		42	43	44	45
46	47	48	49	50	51		52	53		54
55	56	57	58	59		60	61	62		63
64	65	66		67	68	69		70	71	
72	73		74	75	76		77	78	79	
80	81		82	83	84		85	86	87	88
89	90	91	92		93	94	95	96	97	98
	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106		

Solution, page 43.

Q Not in danger -----	59 105 67 88
R Money paid as a punishment ----	81 49 97 78
S A jumping creature, much like a frog -----	73 32 99 92
T What to do when The National Anthem is played -----	30 74 14 79 35
U Parts of the feet -----	39 61 86 63
V Small bit of wood cut or shaved off -----	87 40 96 101
W Spoiled -----	85 2 11 7 91 1



The urge for better homes brought immigrants to our shores and to the lands beyond. Here, in Idaho a century ago, homesteaders proudly pose before a home hued from virgin timber. Unlike the modern version of this home, as the family grew, the house could easily be expanded proportionately.

Better Housing helps to make Better Families

By Austin L. Porterfield

*Professor of Sociology
Texas Christian University*

The Family Defined

The family is a group of persons living together in the most intimate and potentially the most rewarding of all human relations. People can do without the family relationship just about as well as a fish can dispense with gills. Because the family is a unit of interacting persons, its members stimulate one another and respond to one another as they pursue group and individual purposes. The acquisition of a house, for example, might be an objective of the entire group, relating equally to the security, the happiness, and well-being of all its members. On the other hand, the acquisition of, for example, golf clubs or a fur coat would be an individual's purpose, which might not fit into the needs of the entire family.

As the persons in the family pursue these various types of objectives, they may have a sense of real comradeship in the feeling that the needs of one are the needs of all, and vice versa. They may "bear one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ" (Gal. 6:2). Their behavior may, in the main, be full of "love, joy, peace, good temper, kindness, generosity, fidelity, gentleness, and self-control." Or each may seek his own ends, and while so doing, frustrate all other members of the group.

Love, joy, peace, good temper, kindness, generosity, fidelity, gentleness, and self-control as marks of a good family thrive best in a favorable setting. The stage on which the drama of family life is played is the home. An important phase of the home is the house in which its life is so largely made. A good stage helps in the performance of a good play, to the degree in which it is built and equipped for the particular play which is being produced. Roles are difficult to portray without the

The wind and sun and rain have worked
 Their elemental way
 On brick and stone and aged them now
 To mellow rose and gray;
 Your chimney top is blackened by
 The smoke of countless fires,
 And door frames droop a little from
 The weight of age that tires.
 But loving hands have polished glass
 Until your windows shine,
 Have painted sills and wreathed your face
 With climbing rose and vine;
 Your sturdy roof still flaunts a flag
 Of blue smoke curling high,
 The banner of a house possessed
 To every passer-by.

CATHERINE E. BERRY

equipment which belongs to them. But, on the other hand, even star performers must have some way of letting themselves in and letting themselves out at the proper times and places. The same thing is true for the entire personnel of the drama. It is also true in the performance of life's roles in better families.

Characteristics of Better Families

Better families are those families in which there is a deep sense of fellowship as each pursues his own purposes in such a way as to make it easier for other members of the family to attain their respective needs. Better families are families whose members do not tread on one

another's toes and irritate one another as they go about their respective pursuits. Better families are families which, each day, send their members forth to carry on the activities which are theirs to perform in the outside world with faith and confidence, rested and ready for work, with an attitude that makes that work a joy instead of a burden. The members of better families also possess the morale necessary to cope with difficulty.

How Housing Affects the Household

The child, for example, cannot do well in school if he has not slept well, eaten well, and had favorable conditions under which

to do his homework for the schoolroom. And the father whether he does physical or mental labor, needs restful conditions under which to get ready for it. The mother, upon whose personal poise and emotional balance so much of the happiness of the family depends, cannot easily possess these characteristics if she must carry on back-breaking toil under frustrating conditions. I know a farmer with assets of more than fifty thousand dollars who has never provided the house in which he and his family live with running water.

A mother has difficulty performing numerous household tasks in a small area which must house not only her own busy, flying feet but several children, all their toys, and a hot stove as well. Though the Lord will surely understand her if she sometimes loses her temper under such circumstances, the chances are very great that the children will not. It is a little hard to brighten the corner where you are *not*, because you are shut out of that corner by the presence of everyone else in it!

Such conditions create a great medley of irritating frustrations as the numerous activities of members of the family cut across one another—the infant and the child; the teen-ager who would invite friends or enter into a courtship; the mother who would rest, work, or entertain; the father as he comes and goes, pursuing his vocation or avocation or, yes, doing tasks about the house. It is not difficult to sympathize with the devout member of the family who, when trying to “take time to be holy,” cried, “Can’t everybody be quiet? Cain’t y’all see that I am tryin’ to say me prayers?”

Nobody has yet measured, or is likely to be able to measure, accurately, the exact proportion of the total amount of frustration which people suffer, which grows out of the houses in which they live. But houses do possess definite physical, mental, social, and spiritual values for their occupants. Our own researches into the social well-being of the

people of the United States, whether by states, cities, or local areas within cities, show that the health of people of all ages varies directly with the quality of their housing. So do the rates of delinquency and crime. Areas with better houses have fewer delinquents and criminals; with poorer houses, more.

One fact, however, shows that living in good houses does not necessarily bring happiness. This is the fact that suicide rates are higher in the upper socio-economic classes than in the lower. So are the rates for alcoholism. Mutual love and appreciation can exist in a "shanty in old shanty town." Such a shanty may house symbols of faith and worship, while the most "sacred" spot in a mansion may be a private bar. In spite of the fact, however, that there can be the greatest of unhappiness in a mansion, the house in which Jesus ate the "Last Supper" with his disciples had an "upper room"! This size and plan of this house made possible their withdrawal.

Houses, Like Clothes, Are Tailored to Fit the Occupants

Better houses are houses which make it easier for all members of the family to pursue their respective needs and to play their individual roles in confident, restful, pleasant, and helpful ways. I have an architect friend who insists that houses ought to be built around the personalities of people. That is, houses ought to be structures that correspond with the structures of the particular families which they are meant to serve, and, therefore, meet the needs of their individual members. Age and sex differences should be served; also differences in health, tastes, occupations, recreation, and social habits.

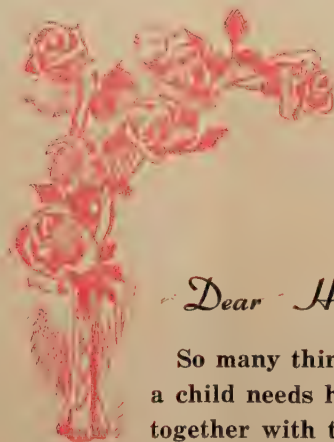
These principles, however, do not control the plans evolved by those who build the great body of houses in the United States either under private or public auspices. The builders of houses do not exercise the forethought of the makers of ready-to-wear

clothes for men, women, and children. The manufacturers of ready-to-wear clothes try to produce a rational distribution of sizes and patterns to correspond with the needs of the general population. But the builders of houses seem to follow a procrustean mold by building as many houses as they can sell at given prices without considering the varying needs of families who can buy houses at such prices.

Two observations may be made in conclusion. First, a family that is planning a home of its own should do so with the needs of the group and of each of its members in mind. Second, since multitudes of people in this age of machines, wars, and rumors of

wars must move from place to place, they must make their homes in houses that are for rent. Therefore, we need many Christian real estate men—men who are just as intelligent as they are Christian—who will undertake to build houses to meet the needs of families, not merely to rent for the maximum profit. If it is good business to make ready-to-wear clothes to fit the population, instead of trying to make the population fit the ready-to-wear clothes, it ought to be good business to do the same thing in the field of real estate. It is also good Christianity and good common sense, for better housing helps to make better families.

PRAYER OF A HOMEMAKER



Preparing Valentines

Dear Heavenly Father:

So many things our fingers try to accomplish! Now a child needs help in making a valentine. As we play together with the red cardboard, the white paper lace salvaged from a candy box, and the gaily colored crayons, please give us skill. Not so much with scissors and paste, but with the loving spirit and simple words from which all true valentines are fashioned.

Let the one who gives and the one who receives these dainty tokens realize the strength and power of love to embellish even the dullest days. Help us nurture tender sentiments in a world of harsh reality. Keep us alert to the joy and satisfaction found through giving or receiving unexpected courtesies and thoughtful consideration. Help us remember to prepare a nosegay of fragrant violets for the stranger in the block.

As we decorate the little cardboard hearts, enlarge our own hearts to the needs of others; increase our ability to share because the hearts within our breasts overflow with an abundance of thine own selfless love.

Amen.

RUTH C. IKERMAN

This is how it works . . .

Dear Alfred:

Grandma wrote me that your report card was not very good this month and that when she asked your teacher about it, Miss Deem said you were not very dependable in getting your work done. Grandma said she has had trouble at home with you, too, getting you to do what is expected of you.

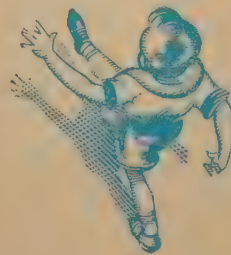
Back in the days when Jesus was teaching people how to live, a large part of the world was under the control of Rome, a city in Italy. Rome was the capital of a big empire—that is, many small nations were governed by men in Rome. These small countries had been conquered by the Roman army. Soldiers in that army were respected all over the empire and were given special privileges wherever they went. When a Roman soldier was traveling in one of the conquered countries, like Galilee, and met an ordinary citizen there, like a fisherman, the soldier could make him drop whatever he was doing—whether he was spreading his nets out to dry, or mending them. The soldier could make him carry his armor or his equipment for a whole mile. That fisherman was like a slave to the Roman soldier until he had gone that mile with the soldier. He didn't have to go more than that, though, which was a blessing for him, wasn't it?

At least that is what everybody thought in all those countries. But do you know what? Jesus, a carpenter out of a little town in Galilee, figured out a way for an ordinary fisherman to keep from being a slave to a Roman soldier! Can you imagine how?

He told the fisherman to go TWO miles with the soldier. Yes, that is the last way you might figure to get out of being a slave, but it is the one way to do it. When the soldier called him away from his nets, saying, "Come, you fisherman, carry my things for a mile," the fisherman was not to grumble and complain over having to do a big favor like that for someone. He was to go willingly, agreeing quickly to do the favor demanded. Then, when they got to the end of the one mile, and the soldier would say, "Now you may go back home," the fisherman was to say, "No, I shall carry your things for a SECOND mile, sir."

Now, just picture the Roman soldier standing there speechless and surprised as the fisherman walks on down the road, doing what he himself *decided* to do for the soldier and not what he was *made* to do. Don't you see that he was not a slave? Jesus taught the fisherman how to be his own master. And it is just as true today, that teaching. This is how it works:—

When your teacher says, "Alfred, go right back and close that closet door properly!" say politely, "Yes, ma'am." Then carefully close not only the door to your closet but also the one Nancy Jane left half-open. In this way, you will have become master of the situation and you will have wiped away the insult in the way she talked to you. You no longer deserve to be spoken to as a rude, careless child; you have shown yourself to be a thoughtful, polite boy. Suppose Grandma says, "Alfred, if you are not in bed by eight-thirty tonight, you are going to have to go to bed right after supper tomorrow night!"



Going the second mile
makes you free

And you say, "Yes, Grandma, I'm going to hurry tonight." Then, not only be in bed by eight-thirty that night, but the next night watch the clock for yourself and at five minutes before eight say, "I'm going to start to bed a little earlier tonight. Good night, Grandma." You will thus have become your own boss as to when you go to bed. Besides, you will have earned Grandma's respect as a boy who is dependable when it comes to getting to bed on time.

When Grandpa says, "Alfred, why didn't you burn these papers today? Get those skates off, and get it done right now!" if you say, "I will, Grandpa; and I've been thinking that since I forget them so often, I'd better make a habit of burning them every night right after school, no matter how few there are," then do it every night without being told, you will never again have anyone telling you to burn papers, or interrupting your playtime to have you do it. Do you see? Grandpa will respect you as a boy who is dependable—a boy he can count on to do his chores without being told.

Just get into the habit of "going the second mile," Alfred, for just as soon as you do, you will be your own boss; and as an extra joy, people will be saying nice things about you.

See if you can figure out a couple of ways of working it with Miss Deem and your schoolwork, so you can get onto a better footing with your teacher and get a new start in school. She will be calling you "dependable" before you know it, fellow!

Lots of love to you,

Mother

with Young Children

A Word to Parents—

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

Or, if you and your child have quiet moments together, apart from the regular family worship, the poems, songs and other materials given here may help you share an experience of worship.

Some of the poems, songs and prayers suggested here are from the graded church school materials. If your church uses these materials, your child will have brought home the books or leaflets in which these poems and other materials appear. He will enjoy using these with you at home.

The worship resources given here are divided into three sections: (a) for the 3-year-olds; (b) for the 4- and 5-year-olds; (c) for the 6-, 7-, and 8-year-olds. Should your child want to make his own book of devotions, cut, or let your child cut, along the colored border of each small page. He may paste each of these pages into a loose-leaf or spiral notebook, or on sheets of paper of uniform size which he can tie together with a ribbon.

It is hoped that the materials on these pages will help you as you guide your child in worship experiences.

Theme for February: THANK YOU, GOD, FOR OTHERS

To Use with Children Three Years Old . . .

The world of your three-year-old is a self-centered world. It is hard for him to know what is his and what belongs to another, or for him to learn that he cannot have everything. He needs help and patience in learning to share and to recognize the rights and feelings of others. It will be easiest for him to start with Mother and Daddy, for he knows and loves them. Use the verses given here to acquaint him with the words that express his feelings of love for his parents.

You can help your child develop an appreciation of others beyond

his own family. Bring to his attention the many things others do for us. For example, the postman brings the mail. As your child learns about the service he performs, say, "We are glad for the postman. Thank you, God."

Other community helpers can be brought to his attention in a similar way. With your help, he can begin to learn to be thoughtful and considerate of others—a basic attitude of a Christian's life, which even a three-year-old can learn.

The two poems below are from *Home Guidance in Religion*, Number 20. The Bethany Press. Used by permission.

Daddy, I Love You

Daddy, I love you.
Many things you do.
You work for me.
You play with me.
You buy me food.
You buy me toys.
Daddy, I love you.
Let me help, too.

Mother, I Love You

Mother, I love you.
Many things you do.
You sew for me.
You cook for me.
You wash for me.
You iron for me.
Mother, I love you.
Let me help, too.



To Use with Children Four and Five Years Old . . .

(Cut along the colored lines and paste each small page into your own book about God's love and care.)

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR OTHERS

We give thanks to thee, O God; we give thanks.
—Psalm 75:1

A Thank You

Earth and seed,
Sun and rain,
Someone to plant
And harvest the grain.
Thank you, God,
For earth and seed,
And helpers to grow
The food we need.

—IDA TYSON WAGNER

Prayer

Thank you, God, for others. Amen.

I WILL THINK OF OTHERS

Love one another.—John 15:12.

The Way

Jesus teaches us the way
We should live from day to day.
“Be kind,” He says, “to one another,
To sister, brother, father, mother.”
Be kind and helpful all day long,
Your life will be a happy song.

—DORIS WASER

Prayer

Help me, God, to think of others and be kind
to them. Amen.

I AM GLAD FOR OTHERS

We give thanks to thee, O God; we give thanks.
—Psalm 75:1.

God Is Good

God is so very good to us!
He gives us food to eat
And flowers to see. They fill the air
With perfume, soft and sweet.
He gives us homes with moms and dads,
Gives brothers, sisters, too;
And friends to share our happy hours
With play the whole day through.

—PEARL NEILSON

Prayer

Thank you, God, for my family and friends.
Amen.

I WILL HELP OTHERS

Love one another.—John 15:12.

Song of Our Friendly Street

Our street's a friendly street.
Good neighbors make it fine.
Little neighbor boys and girls
Are jolly friends of mine.
Our street's a friendly street.
Each day we try to do
Kindly things to each and all,
As Jesus wants us to.¹

—NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

Prayer

Help me find ways to be kind to others. Amen.

¹From *When a Little Child Wants to Sing*. Copyright 1935 by the Board of Christian Education. Used by permission of the Westminster Press.

To Use with Boys and Girls Six, Seven and Eight Years Old . . .

(Cut along the colored lines and paste each small page into your own book of devotions.)

THANK YOU, GOD, FOR OTHERS

If God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.—1 John 4:11.

I Give Thee Thanks with All My Heart

I give Thee thanks with all my heart
For those who do their loving part
To make our world a happy place
For every child of every race.*

—MIRIAM DRURY

Sing "God Is the Loving Father," Primary Pupil's Book, Third Year, Winter Quarter, page 22.

*From *Hymns for Primary Worship*. Copyright 1946 by the Westminster Press. Used by permission.

I WILL HELP OTHERS

Even a child is known by what he does.—Proverbs 20:11 (Moffatt).

Our Prayer

Dear Father, help us children
To please Thee in our play,
To know that Thou art with us
In all we do each day.
O teach us to be patient
And helpful, every one,
And keep us good and happy
Until the day is done.*

—NINA WILLIA WALTER

Sing "God Is the Loving Father," Primary Pupil's Book, Third Year, Winter Quarter, page 22.

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I WILL THINK OF OTHERS

If God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.—1 John 4:11.

Good Night Prayer

Our Father, You have given me
So much of love and joy today,
That I am thinking joy and love
To other children far away.
Wherever they lie down to sleep,
Happy and tired with work and play,
Yellow and brown, and black and white,
Our Father, bless us all tonight.*

—AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Sing "God Is the Loving Father," Primary Pupil's Book, Third Year, Winter Quarter, page 22.

*From *A Child's Garden in India*, by Amelia Josephine Burr. Copyright, 1922, by the Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions. Used by permission.

I WILL PRAY FOR OTHERS

My Prayer

When I go to bed at night,
Before I close my eyes up tight,
I lie and think of God and say,
"I thank Thee for this happy day.
"I thank Thee for the food I eat
And for the friends I see and meet;
And for my parents good and kind,
The dearest you could ever find.
"I pray that every girl and boy
May all the happy things enjoy,
And learn to love Thee more each day,
For all these things, this night, I pray.
Amen."

—JACQOLYN HANSON

OLIVER was not happy. He was lonely. He jumped out of his goldfish bowl. He leaped into the air. He fell back into the water with a splash.

Oliver thought: "Baby Douglas thinks I am happy. He thinks I am jumping for joy."

Oliver was not really happy. He was just pretending that he was happy. He felt lonely in his big fish bowl.

Oliver was bright orange. He had a speck of black on one side. He had a white stripe across his back. He had little flecks of black on his tail. Oliver was shiny and slippery.

Oliver laughed a lot. Not real, honest-to-goodness laughter. Not loud so you could hear him. He laughed inside and he rocked outside. He pretended he was happy.

Sometimes he danced to help himself forget he was lonely. He wriggled from side to side. He bowed. He curtsied. He circled around in the water. Little bubbles and big bubbles played around him.

Oliver liked Douglas. Douglas was not big enough to reach the fish bowl. Every morning he fed Oliver. Douglas stood on a chair beside Oliver. He took a box of fish food. He turned it upside down.

Shake! Shake! Shake!

Rattle! Rattle! Rattle! went the fish food inside the yellow box.

Oliver jumped up to get his breakfast.

Oliver liked Douglas because he was kind to him. One day he gave Oliver his little red car to play with. Plop! went the car in the water. But Mother came in and took it out.

Another time when Oliver was sad and lonely, Douglas gave him a piece of newspaper to

read. He dropped it in the bowl.

"Read it! Read it!" he told Oliver.

Then Mother came in and took it out of the fish bowl.

One day Oliver felt extra lonely. He watched Douglas play with his blocks. After a while he became even more lonely.

He was tired of his fish bowl. He wanted to get out. He wanted to see what was going on in the world around him.

"Whee!" he said to himself. "Here I go!" He leaped out of his bowl.

This time Oliver did not flop back into the water, splashity, splash. He landed right on the floor near Douglas. Kerplunk!

"Oliver! Oliver!" he heard Douglas scream. "Are you hurt? Oh, my poor little Oliver!"

Douglas picked him up gently. He dropped him back into the water. Oliver flipped round and round.

He heard Mother say: "Oliver must be lonely!"

He heard her tell Douglas they were going to town. He saw them leave the house. They were all dressed up.

Then Oliver grew even more lonely. He was too sad even to pretend being happy. He did not ripple the water. He did not dance. He just felt sorry for himself. Poor Oliver! He grew sadder and sadder. Why were they gone so long?

"I might as well be good," said Oliver. "Mother and Douglas really are kind to me."

After a while the door opened. Douglas and Mother came in.

Oliver knew Douglas was happy. He could tell by the sound of his voice. Pretty soon Douglas dropped something into the bowl.

What was it? What was it? Was it a pebble? A shell? Oh, no!!

It was a fish. A shiny orange fish. He looked enough like Oliver to be his twin brother.

"Let's call him Oscar!" said Douglas.

Oliver never tries jumping out of the fish bowl anymore. He has heaps and heaps of fun with Oscar. They play tag. They play hide and seek. They flip their fins and bubble the water.

Now Oliver does not have to pretend he is happy. He is really and truly, honest-to-goodness happy.

Oliver's Surprise

By Gertrude Perlis Kagan

ILLUSTRATION BY CARMON V. LIVSEY

Do you like surprises? We do, especially this one



Friends are Important

By Helen Ramsey

Two dogs, two girls and a boy—and a good story

JUDY hurried up the front walk, just as Shag, her big brown dog, bounded around the house to greet her.

"I can't play with you now, Shag," Judy told him. "I have to go in the house and tell Mother something."

She burst into the kitchen, where Mother was making a pudding for supper.

"Mother, guess what!" Judy exclaimed. "The teacher has asked Janet and me to play piano solos on the school program next Friday."

Mother looked up from her work to smile at her bright-eyed daughter. Judy loved music and hoped to be a teacher of piano when she was older.

"That's fine, dear," said Mother. "What piece will you play?"

"Well," said Judy, "the teacher suggested my old piece, but I'd rather play a new one. It has all those big chords and runs in it, so it sounds ever so hard."

"Miss Price calls it one of those pieces that sounds harder than it is," smiled Mother. "She called it a 'showy' piece, didn't she? Anyhow, it is nice that you and Janet are to be on the same program, since you are good friends. What will Janet play, by the way?"

Judy giggled. "Janet's piece is real simple, and sounds ever so easy, and Janet's taller than I am."

Mother looked thoughtful. "Janet isn't any older than you are, although she is taller," she said. "She hasn't taken piano lessons as long as you have, either, and she doesn't have a musical daddy who can help her, as you do."

"N-no," Judy said, slowly. "But I still think it will look funny for a big girl like Janet to play such an easy piece, when I play a harder one."

Before Mother could say more, they heard someone callings, and Judy ran to the window.

"It's Jack, and he wants me to come over, Mother!" she exclaimed. "May I go see what he



wants?" "Of course," Mother nodded, and Judy hurried across the lawn to the house next door.

"Hi, Judy!" exclaimed Jack. "Come see the dog show. Tippy has learned some new tricks, and Shag is trying to learn them, too."

Tippy was Jack's little black and white terrier, and it seemed to Judy he could do almost anything. He could lie down and "play dead"; he could run and fetch the ball, returning it to the place Jack directed; he could stand on his thin little hind legs, that were like steel springs, and never seemed to tire.

After he performed each trick, he sat up as if to beg for applause, which Judy gave him generously.

After the impromptu dog show, Jack tried to teach the same tricks to Shag, Judy's dog, but Shag could not seem to do them, although he tried very hard. When he ran to fetch the ball, he would rush wildly about the yard with it, instead of returning it to Jack. He was too large and clumsy to stand on his hind legs, and he refused absolutely to "play dead."

"It's no use, Jack," Judy said, sitting down breathlessly, with Shag beside her. "I've tried to teach him tricks, but he can't learn, can you, Old Boy?" she asked, stroking the dog's thick coat.

Shag looked at her with loving brown eyes, as if to say: "I'm sorry I can't perform like Tippy, Judy, for I want to please you in everything."

"Some dogs learn tricks quicker than others," said Jack, comfortingly. "You must remember,

(Continued on page 35.)



How would you react to a doctor's verdict that you had an incurable ailment? Here, a mother with angina tells how her life is changed as she concentrates on . . .

the things they'll remember

Remember: Your facial expression and tone of voice as well as the words you utter—all convey your ideas

AS TOLD TO

NANCY BREWER

MY ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD son Jimmy, and Paul, his chum, came around the side of the house and stopped a few feet from the latticed veranda on which I was sitting. Neither could see me; yet I did not intend to "listen in" on a private, boyish conversation. I was just ready to call out a greeting when Paul said, "The lawn mower's right here where you left it, Jim."

"Of course," Jimmy agreed casually. "You didn't think it would get up and walk away while we were gone, did you?"

Paul chuckled. He followed his chuckle with words, "If I had left our lawn mower out while I ran over to see the last of a ball game like you did, my mother would have come out and put it away in the garage. Or she would have finished cutting the grass herself and then put it away. Mom says she doesn't like to have people passing see things out of order. She always . . ."

Jimmy had started working the mower. But over its sound I heard him say, "Oh, Mom's not that way at all. She never runs ahead of us and does things. Agatha says she's afraid she'll hurt our feelings."

One minute I gripped my fingers tightly together, remembering days on which I had done as Paul said his mother did when my two older sons had left an interrupted task unfinished for a short time. The next I was aware of the warning signal against too strong emotions. Quickly I opened my hands, leaned back in my chair and forced myself to reason calmly that since Jimmy had forgotten my deeds of a year ago which were disagreeable to a small boy, surely his older brothers in several years' time had ceased to remember them so well.

I wonder if they have. I sincerely hope so.

IT IS NOW nearly six months since our family doctor and I faced each other in his office. Dr. Jerod could not hide the fact that he was disturbed. I myself

was very quiet. When he did speak, he asked a question, "How long have you known?"

"Exactly two months," I replied. "I suspected it several weeks before that time. The tightness in my chest sometimes; the pain at others; the fact that it shot up to my left shoulder and down to my hand. The cold perspiration—and all the other evidences I had heard people say spelled angina. It is angina, isn't it?"

He nodded his head, "Yes, it is angina. But you've been to a physician already, haven't you?"

Then I told him of my trip to a large city to see a specialist. The trip was labeled a business trip. I had taken it because I had to have a doctor's verdict, one from a physician who did not know my family.

A bit lamely I confessed, "You and Henry are friends. I knew you would feel compelled to tell him. I didn't want him to be upset any more than he is by present conditions. Then I just couldn't stand having our home life ruined by fear among the members of my family that I would die unexpectedly, as most heart victims do."

I admitted that I had come to him because the specialist had said I should. Brutally he had said, "You don't want to hurt your family with an autopsy, should you suddenly drop dead—as you may." And after that more kindly and more frankly he had admitted that, while no cure has been found for angina pectoris, treatment would relieve it—and my own good common sense might prolong my life.

"You will have to live differently than you do," he had said. "Much more so."

Dr. Jerod began to smile hopefully at my repetition of the orders of the specialist and at my admission that I was already following them. It had its difficulties of course, since the family could not understand some of the changes I was making. But it was easier now.

"You forget," old Dr. Jerod added, "that sometimes a person close to you can help out a lot—a person to remind you—a person to help cover up those changes. As you request, I won't go to Henry. Instead, I shall see



Remember: If you must curtail your expenditure of energy, passive participation in family fun may still be possible; you needn't be an Atlas to lift the gloom!

Agatha. She won't tell and she'll be a good caretaker for you, just as she always was when you and each of your newborn children were taken home from the hospital."

AND SO AGATHA, who has been the only helper in our home for many years, became more than

a helper to me. She has truly become my guide for better and happier living—this woman who belongs to another race, whose work has always been menial, who, without a home of her own, has helped make us the home we all love so well.

It is Agatha who has made me conscious of the fact that I still have time to drive out memories I have given my children in impatient and strained days and put in their stead memories that will be happy ones for them.

Patiently but frankly she has told me many times during the last several months, "You wouldn't want them to ever wonder if doing that caused your heart to jest stop, would you, Miss Sally?"

Her question makes me stop, measure the value of the work I have started, and then turn from it to a period of rest and reflection. The emphasis should really go on reflection, for now I really have learned to think—to determine what things are most valuable in life in a home, a neighborhood, a church and a town.

Now I realize that what a passer-by thinks of a lawn mower left in a front yard while the task of a small boy is interrupted by a natural childish desire is much less important than the memory of a mother who angrily pushed the mower into the garage and

Remember: The spirit in which a task is done may ultimately be more important than the work accomplished. Here, while suds steam, and china and glasses are made to glisten, it's the cheerful conversation that counts



followed that deed with hot, impatient words.

Now I know that a comfortable seat under the old pear tree far from the house is a wonderful retreat when news commentators, whose opinions mean much to my

husband, irritate me. Now I know that the happy screams of the little children as they play on the vacant lot next door cannot be heard in the little sewing room on the other side of the house, which is really an ideal

place to mend or read.

And in case I should forget to take the right attitude toward life at home, there, almost at my elbow, is Agatha ready to say frankly, "You wouldn't want them to think they might have caused you to have an attack."

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

"Hearthstone Meets Our Need"

By Melba M. Tilton

MR. AND MRS. BROWN and their three children, Ronald, fourteen, Grace, ten, and Carol, eight, live in that attractive ranch-type house just off the boulevard. The parents belong to the Community Church of Yourtown. Mrs. Brown teaches in the church school and the children attend regularly. Mr. Brown does not go to church school but attends a morning church service occasionally. Into this home the magazine *Hearthstone* is carried.

This family is interested in Christian living or this magazine would have no appeal. They want to know how to live together harmoniously, how to become better members of the family, and how to solve their problems in the spirit of Jesus. They are limited by a sketchy knowledge of the Bible and its importance today; by pressure of many interests outside the home; and, in many cases, by their lack of understanding of how the church can help them. Being a modern family, they have radio and, recently, television. Many secular magazines come to the house regularly; Mrs. Brown often says she can only scan them and it is a mistake to take so many. The daily paper and a news magazine are all that Mr. Brown can manage. The children look at the pictures and cartoons in the magazines but only occasionally read anything they contain. Why bother when you can be entertained?

How can a Christian magazine compete with these varied forms of entertainment in the present-day home? What can be done to catch the roving eye or to capture the dormant imagination of the one who turns the pages of a serious publication? Is it hopeless to try to attract attention to worth-while material and to suggested helps for Christian growth? No, not hopeless. Difficult and challenging as the task is, Christian publications meet deep needs of the human heart which are not answered by entertainment. Families need intelligent help, inspired direction and understanding counsel. The alert church can give

this in great measure, but a definitely religious home magazine, coming regularly, can increase the effectiveness of the church.

About a year ago, when Ronald proved to be quite a problem, Mrs. Brown turned to *Hearthstone's* family counselors. After her carefully worded question had been answered, Mrs. Brown agreed that she understood both her son and herself better. At that time, the suggestion was made that the family use the varied helps for worship in the home which this publication contains. Persistent effort in this direction is making their family worship a habit of great worth. They find the secret of success lies in keeping the devotions short and in letting every member take his turn as leader.

When Carol was sick, and Mrs. Brown was at her wit's end to keep her quiet and interested, the stories for children and activity suggestions were most welcome. She found herself turning eagerly to the articles and fiction for counsel, challenge and inspiration. Several of the stories answered her needs so well that they actually seemed to have been written about her. Other features proved their growing worth to this family, and now each month the entire Brown household finds entertainment, inspiration and guidance in *Hearthstone*.

Hearthstone meets their need.

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!

RECENTLY I was in a group of women who were discussing a former member of the group who, as one of them said, had received "a sentence of death." She termed it a suspended one and said, "Of course I may be killed in an accident long before she dies, but I do not have a veritable sword of Damocles hanging over my head, and I can enjoy my life."

I ENJOY MY LIFE! It truly is wonderful to be limited to doing only the things you want people to remember that you did. It is a rare gift from God—this one I have received—the opportunity to live life each day as I now realize I always should have lived it.

Recently, a young woman told me that she couldn't forgive the doctor who did not tell her that her mother had an incurable disease. "I would have been more patient, more kind to her," she said. "I would have smiled at the disagreeable little things she did because she was ill."

To myself I whispered, "The doctor should have told the mother. Then she would have said gentle, loving phrases instead of disagreeable ones. There would have been no occasion for impatience. She would have said only the words and done only the things she wanted you to remember."

Last night I heard a woman read these words from a sign-board in our town, "Life can be beautiful!" With a short laugh, she added, "What a fallacy!"

But life can be beautiful if you who have life want to live most of the days doing things as you want them to be remembered—saying no words you want listeners to forget. No better way can be found by both the well and the sick, of following Christ.

A STORY BY
MELVA POLLARD

*Such mysterious goings-on
Molly had never before
experienced. Even seemingly
ordinary conversations
were unintelligible to*



Here's You-Know-Who's baby brother—or a reasonable facsimile!

You—know—who

UNCLE BOB turned off the pavement. The singing of tires turned to a rat-a-tat-tat as they picked up the pea gravel and flung it against the fenders. Six-year-old Molly Holden braced herself and turned toward her cousin sitting beside her in the back of the pickup. She laughed, and the wind swept up the little sounds to carry them along with all the pungent odors of spring.

"Glad you're going home?" Evelyn yelled, sliding so close that her head scarf, billowing and flattening, whipped its long tail and stung Molly on the cheek. Evelyn leaned closer until her hot breath whistled into Molly's ear. "Living 'way out here in the country, having no kids anywhere close, is my idea of not much fun."

Molly smiled amiably if a little condescendingly. What did Evelyn know about fun? No

wonder she thought Molly needed other children to play with. A day in Evelyn's city yard had been like a day in a desert. No bushes, no woods where nicest surprises waited, and no creek. Molly turned abruptly and stood on her knees to peer through the cab window, past Uncle Bob and Aunt Martha, and on ahead where the gray road drew small to a point. She could see the dark buildings resting against the hillside, curving up from the valley floor like billowing waves against the sky.

Evelyn looked, too. "I don't see why your dad keeps that old place. Mom says he could get a good job in town any day and have all the advantages."

Molly wondered if the creek was full of water, if her favorite log was still high and dry. Her cousin's voice rose and fell while

Molly tried desperately not to hear. A vague sense of irritation filled her. Evelyn kept talking about bathtubs and refrigerators as if they were everything in the whole world.

Her eyes embraced the farm where it lay at the end of the road encircled between the hills and the creek with its rickety foot bridge. Something inside her breast grew and swelled from pure joy at her homecoming. She felt sorry for Evelyn's not understanding how the creek sang, or the way the hay smell could set one's feet to dancing. Molly remembered the way Daddy looked only last week when Mamma came out to the barn to see the new baby chickens.

"Mamma," said Daddy, looking terribly happy, "we come pretty close to having a world to ourselves." He'd hugged Mamma

and the two of them were having such a good time Molly stopped watching the chickens and edged in between her parents. Daddy said, "Mamma, You-know-who is here again." They laughed as if it were a big joke, which, of course, it was. He had said a very silly thing seeing there were only the three of them—Mamma, Daddy, and herself.

THE PICKUP came to a sliding stop. Uncle Bob bellowed, "Okay, Kiddo, end of the line."

Evelyn picked up the brown paper bag that held Molly's shoes and good dress, then climbed over the side to land on the gravel below. Molly followed and stood looking up at Uncle Bob's grinning face.

"I had a nice visit," she said politely.

"Glad to have you. Take Evelyn's hand and let her take you across the bridge. We won't have time to stop today."

Molly would have liked to race for home, but she obediently let her cousin lead her across the bridge. On the other side Evelyn hesitated. "You won't be so lonesome after the new baby comes."

Evelyn said it as though she might have said, "Do you think it's going to rain?" But it knocked the very breath from Molly; pushed a gray wall against her that blotted out the homeward path and the whole world.

Molly said nothing. A numbness spread up from the tips of her bare toes and gripped her tongue. Beyond the gray wall she heard Evelyn's "good-bye." She was glad when her receding footsteps no longer echoed along the bridge. The sound of the

It was strictly a family affair when three-year-old Margaret McDaniel fell and broke an arm at Fort Worth. Her father, an ambulance driver, drove her to the hospital, where her mother, an emergency-room nurse, took care of her.

Everett Carpenter sauntered over to visit his aunt, Mrs. Alpha Hill, in Brazil, Indiana, explaining to the 72-year-old woman, he "just hadn't got around" to making the 15-mile trip in the last 27 years.

If her grandparents wanted to hold 10-year-old Linda Kay Ray, of Richmond, Kentucky, in their laps, it would take some time for them to do it. She

pickup died, too. All around her a whispering stirred and grew until a gust of wind spiraled some dry leaves into the air. With the leaves went part of the gray wall. It was almost as though she hadn't heard Evelyn at all.

Molly drew a deep breath and the remnants of the gray wall vanished, taking with it all her remaining doubts. She swished the bracken fern. Babies! Everyone knew babies came down from heaven and the doctor brought them in his bag if you ordered one. That's the way the baby came to the lady across the creek. It was plain silly to suppose Mamma or Daddy would want another baby when they already had Molly.

MOLLY OPENED the gate and started toward the house. Across the pasture blue smoke trailed fairy veils against the fir trees. She saw the yellow kitten come

has nine of them—a great-great-grandmother, four great-grandparents and four grandparents.

Dr. Timothy Leary, Boston, is the husband of a physician, and both his daughters are physicians.

A. L. Underwood, Paris, Tennessee, renewed his subscription to the *Paris Post-Intelligencer*—marking the eightieth year the paper has gone to a member of the Underwood family.

Pete and Repete were names given twins born to the Jones family in Charleston, South Carolina.

out of the woodshed and prowl the weed patch. There shadows cast mysterious gloom, and bunch grass grew bright green and tall. There, too, Indian pipes stood black and scary as night. The kitten hesitated to stare at Molly, then disappeared into the grass. Molly's eyes danced and followed his weaving course. She dropped her bundle and coat, and with it the everyday world.

Molly, the white queen, the huntress, defender of the jungle!

She ran softly on the balls of her bare feet to sink silently into the tall grass. The jungle grass whispered. Beyond lurked the tiger, the maneater, where the speared grass waved and the dry twig snapped. Molly held her breath, while around her rose ranks of jungle warriors, shiny black as Daddy's Sunday shoes. They awaited in silent and misty splendor her slightest command. She waved at her phantom bodyguard to stay their spears. This was her kill, her duel with death.

An ant zigzagged across her arm and scurried off into the weeds. Molly never let her eyes stray from the spot where the great jungle cat lay waiting. She saw the striped tail, watched it switch ever so gently. She drew the deadly blow gun to her lips. The black men in the grass waited, their spears aimed and ready. The very air hung in si-

All in the Family

By HAROLD HELFER

In a Pinch

My Mother's recipe reads, "Add a pinch."

Now to know how much is not a cinch;

In my thumb and finger it seems so small,

Why there's hardly any salt at all.

FRANCES BROWN

lence, waiting. The stillness was rent with a whirring of wings. A grasshopper came to a landing between her and the tiger. The jungle cat leaped, his stripes darting gold against the green. The black warriors looked around in confusion lingered for a moment in bewilderment, then faded into nothingness. The deadly blow gun became a grass stalk, and jungle evaporated into the weed patch.

Molly sat up, shaking the golden grass seeds from her hair. "What'd you do that for? That's no way for a tiger to act." She grabbed for the kitten but it darted away toward the house, running sideways, flaunting its tail in a great arch.

THE ODOR of fried potatoes drifted across the yard, and another, too, like fresh paint. Molly skirted the garden, rounded the porch, and stood quite still. Her mouth hung open and her head protruded. A confused expression spread over her face.

Her own bed, only last week put in the woodshed because Mamma said Molly was too big for it, was now standing on the porch, resplendent in a coat as pink as the cabbage roses along the fence. She circled the crib, touched it, and wiped the pink smudge on the front of her dress.

Mamma came out on the porch. She kissed Molly lightly on the forehead, then stooped heavily beside the bed to daub here and there with a paintbrush. She glanced slyly at her daughter while the corners of her mouth twitched upward. "I saw Bob and Martha let you out quite a while ago. What took you so long?"

Molly ran her tongue around her mouth, let her eyes grow wide while she drew in a long breath, "I saw a tiger and he was going to eat me up, and . . ."

"Oh, Molly," Mamma said with clucking noises, "where's your coat and shoes?"

Molly swung her arm toward the other side of the field. "Over there. I'll get them in just a

minute. First, I think I'll tell you I'm going to sleep in my little bed again." Molly let her gaze linger on the crib, then back to her mother kneeling beside it. "I've decided to move back into your room."

"But, Molly, you've outgrown this bed and you've got a room of your own."

Molly rubbed one leg against the other. "I just was going to tell you that I won't make the tiniest, bittiest noise if I can sleep like I used to."

Mamma slapped paint on the bed. She was puckering her lips as she did when she was studying about something. All the time the bed gleamed pinker than pink at Molly. Mamma unpuckered her lips. "Molly, dear, little girls don't know how to be quiet." She patted Molly on the shoulder. "Run along, dear, and get your things."

Molly's voice rose in a wail, "I want to sleep in my crib . . ."

Little white lines came on each side of mamma's nose. "No, you can't!" she answered sharply.

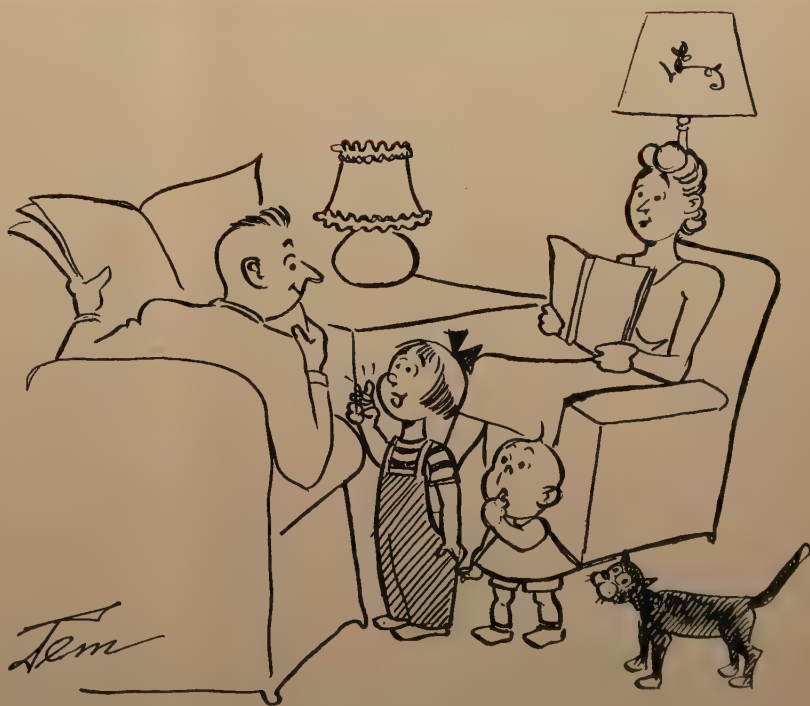
The hard crust about Molly's heart pressed inward. She felt

her chin begin to wobble, then Mamma was hugging her. "There, there," said Mamma, "I didn't mean to be cross."

The smell of paint followed Molly across the yard where she recovered her belongings. The yellow kitten bounded out of the ferns and came purring and rubbing against her leg. "Get away, you old cat!" She looked across the creek where the silvery road pointed toward town, and the memory of the thing Evelyn had said came back. The kitten returned to rub against her sociably. She swooped the small animal into her lap, burying her face in its fur. "I'll not talk to Mamma any more about things like that. I'll ask Daddy," she said.

AFTER DINNER would be a good time to tell Daddy about the bed, and the thing Evelyn had said. But when she remembered, he was talking about You-know-who. You-know-who seemed to be getting more important to her parents by the hour. Sometimes it was mamma saying things like "You-know-who has been a nuisance today." Or, "I simply

(Continued on page 36.)



"Daddy, I didn't cry when I hurt my finger—but I clouded up!"



This father, like the author, may well be another who refused the role. But what about you? Are you an ambitious candidate for the part?

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE *Graveyard*

By one who refused the role

EVERY time you come home now the little boy looks as if he would like to ask, 'Who is this strange man, Mama?' " my wife said to me one night when I came home from work.

It was ten o'clock at night. I had left home early in the morning, long before my three-year-old son had waked from his slumbers. He was in his crib asleep when I returned.

As I lay in bed that night, trying to relax into sleep, my wife's words kept recurring to me: "Who is this strange man?"

The next morning I was up and away before the boy awoke; as usual I would not return until late that evening, after he had been put to bed. No wonder, I thought, as I drove to work, I seemed almost a stranger to my own son. And perhaps to my wife as well!

Now that these thoughts began to run through my mind, others followed. It suddenly came to me that my boy had developed the habit of relying entirely upon his mother for all his wants. He seldom allowed me to change his clothes for him, to put him to bed, to read to him and show him the pictures in his little books. He always went to his mother for these attentions. Sometimes, too, my wife wished to go out to some community function at night, to a concert or to a church circle meeting. Most of the time this was impossible; she had to stay at home to look after the boy. On the few occasions when I

was at home early enough in the evening to tend to him and put him to bed, he raised such a rumpus and became so disturbed that she was reluctant to leave him.

What is a man's obligation to his family? Is it merely to provide security by working long hours to obtain the money to buy everything which they could desire in the way of material needs and luxuries? Are those things worth more than the companionship of father and son, and of husband and wife?

But then I would think: Isn't it the "American way" for the head of the family to get out and drive hard, to put his heart and soul into his work so that he may be a success and provide for his children all of the material opportunities which other children have?

And with this, I would work harder and harder, driving from my mind the thought that my wife and son were being cheated of some valuable part of family life which I could provide only by doing some type of work which would allow me to be near them for a great many more hours during the week than was now possible. But, try as I would to eliminate it, the thought kept creeping back, haunting me like a ghost that would not be put to rest.

All attempts to rationalize my position failed. Even though I realized a man must make a living; even though I knew that hundreds of men with fam-

ilies are forced to stay away from home even longer periods of time than I did, these thoughts not satisfy me. Obviously, a father cannot spend all of his time with his son, but he does owe him a share of himself, some of the benefits of the father's boyhood experiences. Man, or boy either, does not live by bread alone!

I began to consider a change of jobs. At the time my occupation was with a group of small weekly newspapers—circulation, advertising, editorial and column work. It kept me away from home most of the time. Sometimes I would go a week at a time without seeing my son during his waking hours. My wife only saw me as I gulped a hasty breakfast or late supper. Then I would either be in too big a hurry or too tired for any conversation or companionship with her.

So one day I informed my boss that I intended to change my occupation.

"What do you intend to do?" he asked.

"I'm going to give something of my real self to my wife and son," I told him. "There are things which boys need which cannot be bought with money and which no one can supply except their fathers."

My wife thought it was a wonderful idea. She pointed out to me that Americans patterned their entire lives too much on the basis of material security. A man is judged by how much money he makes, not what he contributes to society through his children. This emphasis upon security and the subsequent neglect of home life and spiritual values even leaves us wide open for the wedges of communism and socialism. When we place most of our value on the material and neglect those things of the spirit which set man apart from the other animals, then we must expect our democratic way of life to crumble.

I lived on a farm but had never done any farming myself. So I decided to try the adventure of farming. At the same time I reasoned that I could spend some time writing. The fact that none of this writing might ever be sold occurred to me, but there would be a great deal of satisfaction in it, nevertheless.

The rewards of my decision have been ample. Yet my work now is just as hard as it ever was. My pay checks are considerably smaller.

Of course, some will protest that by hard work one can accumulate enough money so there will be leisure enough in later life to enjoy all these things and have material security too. But the boy will be grown then, and the father will not be the same, either.

The three of us, my wife, our boy and I, now often take our meals picnic style, finding a secluded place in our woods near a fresh running stream. And the way the boy's eyes dance when I find him a new flower or he finds me one and catches my hand in his to draw me toward it is reward enough.

At night now, when he slides from his chair to the floor in the living room and begs me to wrestle with him, I am not too exhausted or irritable to join him.

I find time now to teach him to throw a ball; I show him his picture books. Later when he is older, I shall find time to show him how to build a rabbit trap; how to fish; how to train his puppy to "sit" and "heel"; how to recognize the many kinds of birds and trees and flowers. We are companions and buddies now. He is getting something which all the schoolteachers in the world could not give him. He's getting the guidance and friendship and companionship of his daddy!

Perhaps my neighbors look at me askance. Perhaps they think that I am a fool. They may say that I have thrown away a certain amount of material security for an uncertainty. But will any of them live forever?

With life at our fingertips, why must we continually work for the time when we can "take time to live"?

Who wants to be the richest man in the graveyard, anyway?

FRIENDS ARE IMPORTANT

(From page 27.)

I've been teaching Tippy these tricks a long time. Anyhow, he's the wiry kind that gets about easily, while Shag is heavy and slow. But not all animals are good at the same thing. Shag's a good watch dog, isn't he?"

"The very best," declared Judy. "Mother never has to worry about my little brother when Shag is with him."

She sat there a moment longer, while the two dogs romped together; then, hearing her mother call, Judy and Shag ran home.

All the rest of the day, Judy thought about Tippy's tricks, and what Jack had said about the difference in dogs. It reminded her of something, and while she was drying the supper dishes for Mother, Judy said: "Mother, I've decided not to play my new piece on the school program Friday."

"What made you decide that?" asked Mother, surprised.

"Well," said Judy, polishing a glass hard with her dish towel, "I guess watching Tippy's tricks this afternoon made me change my mind. You see, Shag tried to do them too, and he looked very unhappy when he couldn't, although he tried hard. But Jack said it isn't that Tippy is any smarter; it's just that he's little and wiry, and the kind of dog who learns tricks easily. But Shag can do things Tippy can't do."

"Of course," Mother agreed. "Shag is a fine dependable watch dog."

"I thought perhaps if I played a harder-sounding piece Friday, it might make Janet feel bad," Judy went on. "I don't want her to feel that way, so I'll play my old piece after all."

"That would be a kind thing to do for a friend," smiled Mother. "And friends are important."

"I think so, too," said Judy.

You-Know-Who

(From page 33.)

don't know what I'm going to do with You-know-who." Daddy would say things like, "You-know-who's just passing through one of those stages."

By the time Daddy had time to listen to Molly, the thing didn't seem very important. Besides, Daddy was doing most of the talking. Mamma had gone to bed early because she was tired. She left the dishes for Daddy to wash. Molly stood on a chair, waiting for a dish to wipe, when Daddy cleared his throat as if he had something very important to say. "Molly, you're a big girl now." He said it as if he'd never noticed she wasn't a baby.

She felt good all over to have Daddy talking to her as if she were a grown-up. After the dishes were finished, she walked rather stiffly to the closet to bring forth his slippers to lay beside the evening paper. But it seemed he'd rather walk up and down between the fireplace and the china closet.

Molly fell in step with her father and walked to the fireplace and back to the china closet several times. "Daddy," she began, "why can't I sleep in my pink bed?"

"Tut, tut, Molly, don't be a baby."

"Evelyn says . . ." But Daddy wasn't listening. His hand in hers was hot and damp, which was most peculiar because Molly felt as cool as could be.

Daddy cleared his throat again. "Molly, your mother is going . . ." Daddy cleared his throat again and Molly waited expectantly. He didn't start again until two more trips to the china closet and back again. "Molly . . ."

"Yes, Daddy?"

"You've got to grow up fast."

"Yes, Daddy. Is that all?" Molly thought Daddy looked miserable and maybe it was a stomachache making him act so funny. He didn't talk any more, just walked and walked.

"Paul," called Mamma.

DADDY let go her hand and almost ran down the hall. Molly trailed behind. Something strange was in the air. She felt vaguely uncomfortable. She could hear her parents talking, but Daddy came to the door just as she was going in. He swung her up over his shoulder. He carried her quickly to her own room and started skinning the rabbit with her dress. Her quick laughter died when she realized his intentions. "It's not bedtime yet, Daddy!"

"It is for you, little lady. Don't let me hear a peep out of you until tomorrow morning." He helped her reluctant body into her nightie and plopped her into bed.

"The wind is starting to blow, and I don't want to sleep alone."

"Tut, tut, you're a big girl now." Daddy looked stern as he tucked the covers around her. When he kissed her cheek the scratchy feeling made her smile. "Can't I kiss Mamma good night?"

"You stay right in bed." He went to the door and turned out the light, closing the door behind him.

Molly listened. The house was very quiet, as though waiting. A cloud erased the moonlight patch on the wall casting Molly adrift in a sea of blackness. She drew her small body into a knot and the warmth where she lay was like an island in the middle of the big bed. An adventurous toe dared to trespass the ring of body warmth and was hastily drawn back into the soft folds of her nightgown. She played turtle, making herself small with her head on her chest and her knees there, too. Mamma said girls six years old should be proud to have a big bed all to themselves. She said cribs were for babies. Molly shut her eyes and tried not to think of the pink crib. She remembered how Daddy was expecting her to be a big girl, and thrusting her legs cautiously straight, she made a tunnel through the icy sheets. *Growing up isn't much fun*, she thought. The ice tunnel became warm at last and Molly

forgot to remember anything at all.

Molly awoke with a start. The window rattled in its casement. A low howling swept about the house, whistled under the eaves, and swooshed away into the distance. It was the wind giant sighing and rolling over in his sleep. Molly lay rigid as a stick and waited.

I am a big girl, she told herself. *I will not act like a baby and run to Mamma. It is only the wind.* She shivered and conjured pleasant things to think about. She stiffened when she thought she heard the front door bang shut, and voices in the hall. The wind howled again and Molly shrank into her warm island in the middle of the bed. *I just thought I heard people talking*, she told herself.

DADDY was standing by her bed. "Get up, Molly; come and see what we got."

She didn't get up, and his voice seemed far away. He lifted her up and she let him carry her like a rag doll to Mamma's room. A bright shaft of sunlight slanted through the window making the little tufts on Mamma's bedspread look like snowballs, and a big round hill curved up to dip down and rise again in a tiny hill. The big hill was Mamma, of course, and there was her face smiling as bright as the beautiful morning. The big hill turned, and Mamma's arm came out to lift the cover of the tiny hill.

"Look, Molly."

"What is it?" asked Molly, sleepily.

"Our new baby," said Mamma.

Molly wriggled down and went to the bedside. What she saw was wrinkled and red, not at all like a baby.

"Take him back," she said.

"Why Molly, he's your brother!"

"I don't care. We don't need a baby when you already got me!" It seemed she couldn't get out of the bedroom fast enough. In the kitchen she sat on a stool and stared at the wall. Down the hall drifted Mamma's voice saying something about You-know-who, then Daddy telling her he could handle You-know-who.

Molly didn't care enough to listen. All she could think about was the way they had gone and ordered a baby without even telling her. No wonder they wanted her to be a big girl and wouldn't let her have her pink bed. The thing Evelyn said was true, and Mamma hadn't even let her know. Right now they were talking about You-know-who and weren't caring a bit about Molly. All of it proved she didn't have Mamma and Daddy to herself any more. She wasn't even a white queen in a jungle.

She slipped to the floor and lay flat, beating her heels. The injustice of it all flooded over her like a black wave. She howled until her insides hurt.

(Continued on page 45.)

—FRANCES BROWN.

CHILDREN ARE FUN

Baby Counter

A little newcomer to a supermarket, on seeing a baby riding in one of the wagon baskets, said to his mother, "I didn't see the shelf with the babies on, did you?"

Same Difference

Teacher: "Tommy, your essay on 'My Baby Sister' is word for word like your brother's."

Tommy: "Sure. We both live in the same house with the same sister."

Kitchen Blackboard

A mother returning home late one afternoon found scrawled on the kitchen blackboard: "Don't worry about us, Mom. Bill is out skating, and I have gone slaying."

Dream Story

A small one, being awakened from a sound sleep, said drowsily, "Mom, you made me lose the place in the chapter of my dream."



Social or political prestige, even in our capital, doesn't need a hard-liquor base.

Perhaps more hostesses would feature soft-drink bars if they would read what this one Washingtonian has to say

HOSPITALITY

WITHOUT

Alcoholic Headaches

BY HILDA E. KOONTZ

*Assistant to the minister,
National City Christian Church,
Washington, D. C.*

IF THE statement is true that "you are what you read," and a nation can be judged by the things for which its people seek, then truly we of the United States are a race of "men of distinction," whose sole requirement to gain such heights is based on the quality of the liquor we drink. A man from Mars, striving to study our civilization by reading our papers and magazines—which are truly an index to our national character—would surely feel that there is nothing considered more essential to the American people than "Green Ribbon Beer," "Four Posies Whiskey," etc., etc., for our reading matter is filled with beautiful girls, handsome men, lovely flowers, and even heart-touching little dogs, all overcome with the joy which comes from imbibing the proper kind of alcoholic drinks.

Not even in the field of sports is one free to choose his beverage, for one sees between each inning of every televised baseball game, the announcer gleefully drinking the foam from a tall glass of a certain brand of beer, and the listener is urged to get up and go immediately to his refrigerator and join the announcer in this favorite "spectator" sport. Unfortunately, our children are even more susceptible than are grownups to what they hear and see on television and radio.

Washington, D. C., newspapers recently described a very outstanding social event—a party given by Miss Martha Rountree and Mr. Lawrence Spivak, co-producers of the nationally televised show, "Meet the Press." The party was given in honor of all political candidates for the presidency, and



in the garden where the group gathered, so the accounts read, there were four bars, one in each corner, with a fifth bar up on the terrace. Over each bar was a sign. The first one read, "Republican Revival Stand," and at this bar only Scotch was served. The second bar was the "Democrats Refueling Station," where only bourbon was obtainable. The third, for Southerners, dispensed mint juleps, and was labeled "Dixiecrats Meet for Fun." The fourth was for "Independents—Those Who Don't Care" and here one could get all the martinis he desired. The bar on the terrace, known as "Kerr's Corner," served lemonade.

So unusual was it to have a nonalcoholic drink served at a reporters' party that it was only the

lemonade bar which rated a picture in the newspapers. However, so the accounts read, to eliminate any adverse criticism by those gentle readers who still rather frowned upon the idea of a political campaigner imbibing strong drink at a party, a row of china cups was placed on a shelf near one of the bars so that if a photographer started to take a picture of any one of the presidential candidates present, the aspirant to office could grasp a cup, and apparently be drinking nothing stronger than a spot of tea or a cup of coffee.

Social drinking in political and diplomatic circles in the nation's capital has reached alarming proportions, and yet there are a few of the nation's leaders who still do not feel that the cocktail hour is essential to carrying on either the nation's government or its social life.

The problem of alcoholic drinking is not a new one. It is as old as recorded history. But our age of high-powered machines and high-pressure living has made drinking one of the most acute problems of our day. The social drinker of yesteryear who had indulged in "one too many" climbed into his horse-drawn buggy, and his intelligent horse could usually take him home without mishap. But today's social drinker at the wheel of an automobile causes death or untold misery from accidents which his unsteady hand and dulled responses could not avoid. To drink or not to drink is a question which every young person and adult must answer, and let's not deceive ourselves that "social" drinking is, after all, not quite the same as other kinds of drinking. Whether one's drinks are imbibed in a tavern or a drawing room, the physiological and psychological effects upon the drinker are exactly the same.

Why do people drink—and we are speaking of so-called "social" drinking, as well as heavier drinking, for invariably the alcoholic begins his downfall with "social" drinking. The reasons might be listed as follows: (1) to be sociable—the reason most often given; (2) no place to go except to a tavern—young people often give this reason; (3) to get a feeling of importance and a release from inhibitions which might tend to restrict one's rise in social circles—cocktail party hostesses often use this excuse; (4) to escape from worry or frustration—this is the reason most often given by the alcoholic who has just started on the downward path; and (5) to quench a growing thirst—the alcoholic has arrived!

But, you say, this can never happen to me. I'd never become an alcoholic, nor would my wife nor my husband nor any of our children. It would never happen in *my* family. It might happen to somebody else, but never to me. No person ever deliberately started out to become an alcoholic.

The whole problem of social drinking is a difficult one for young hosts and hostesses. One does not alike to be thought queer, or prudish, or old-fashioned by one's friends. Everybody else always

serves drinks; why shouldn't we? But, actually, do the reasons for drinking seem so strong that one should be willing to take the risks involved, either for himself or his children? Are there not other ways to obtain the same effect?

In our day of terrific tensions the social drinker claims that he drinks "to let down." But a far better way to "let down" without any alcoholic headaches to follow, is to relax tense nerves and muscles by indulging in some sport. A game of "catch," a refreshing swim, or even a game of croquet will put office problems and housekeeping worries in the shadow, and will leave one relaxed, and with a sense of healthy tiredness. Or packing a picnic basket and driving out into the country will put one's cares behind him, and he will come back refreshed from having been close to Nature and Nature's God.

The social drinker says a highball or two gives him new poise because he can put aside some of his inhibitions. But it is only a temporary measure—a stop-gap. Why not gain real and lasting poise the kind which doesn't require a martini to produce it? True poise comes from a sense of inner peace and calm, a reliance upon God for strength, a feeling of security. These come, not through the thinking of cocktail glasses, but through meditation and worship, quiet moments under the stars, a study of birds and flowers and trees, the beauty of the church worship service.

If the social drinker drinks to forget his troubles, then surely the nondrinker can find many more intelligent ways than the cocktail party to get relief from his troubles, for it only puts him in less fit condition to meet those problems which sooner or later must be faced. In our day of high-pressure living, the clearer and keener one's mind the better equipped the person is to meet the problems that confront him in his day-by-day living. But there are times when each of us needs to put his problems aside—to forget them only in order to come back to them with refreshed minds and relaxed bodies. The properly selected movie, or radio show, or even television programs can help wonderfully to relieve us of anxiety, and so can the reading of good literature.

All of us need emotional outlets, which many claim to find at the cocktail party. But this is an extremely dangerous outlet. Those who seek alcoholic beverages for emotional outlets need, not temporary, but permanent relief; they require a more adequate answer than the cocktail can give them.

No hostess who really cares for the welfare of her guests needs apologize for not having alcoholic drinks to serve. She is really doing her guests a far greater service if she refrains from the cocktail party and instead, through the resources at her disposal, makes her guests happy, sociable, relaxed and poised, and sends them home to pleasant slumber and a new day without alcoholic headaches.



*Here, an alert mother finds
some unusual answers to the
usual shut-in-but-not-sick,
bad-weather question. . .*



"Sometimes they enjoy working along with Mother or Dad."

"Mother, what can I do now?"

MOTHER, what can I do now?" This question was put to me not once, but a dozen times a day by our six-year-old on cold, wet days when she had to stay indoors. No matter how well supplied I was with games, puzzles, and paints, they lasted just so long! Then there would again be that quest for "something to do."

I evolved a happy solution to this problem last winter by finding little jobs for my small daughter to do. I always made sure the tasks were simple and not too difficult. Not only did these chores keep her occupied, but they also gave her the important feeling of "helping Mother."

One of her favorite chores is setting the table. This may not sound like a very exciting job for a six-year-old. But it is at our house!

The first item in our table-setting routine is the construction of a centerpiece. If there are flowers or greenery available, they are arranged in all sorts of unique containers. Meg has made flower arrangements in small toy teapots, last year's Easter basket, her bronzed baby shoes, and an old sugar bowl. The more unusual the container, the more fun it is to make it into an interesting centerpiece.

If there are no flowers available, Meg makes her own by drawing gay blossoms on paper. These are

pasted on stiff cardboard, cut out, and stuck into a vase filled with clean white sand.

Some days our meals take on quite a festive air. Instead of using conventional linen napkins, Meg decorates white paper napkins with bright crayon designs.

Centerpieces and decorated paper napkins may not be the most important part of setting a table, but they do help to make the task interesting. Along with this artistic effort, Meg has learned how to set the table correctly and knows just where every piece of silver should be placed.

Our six-year-old is also the official vegetable scrubber at our house. I've found that most five- and six-year-olds enjoy jobs where water is the base of operations. Covered with her plastic apron and standing on a little stool in front of the kitchen sink, our youngster scrubs away at the baking potatoes and carrots with a will and a great deal of pleasant splashing!

Sometimes when youngsters have to spend long hours indoors, they are not so bored with their games and toys as with their own company. Sometimes they enjoy working along with Mother or Dad.

(Continued on page 47.)



Saint Valentine's Day

By Irene Dacus

February may be the shortest month of the year, but it is the longest on possibilities for unique parties—parties to celebrate the birthdays of both George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, and perhaps best of all St. Valentine's Day.

For a Valentine's party, write your invitations in verse if possible, on red paper hearts. If your guests are all old friends, and you plan a luncheon party, here is a novel idea. Make your place cards of red hearts pasted on white lace paper doilies. Get out that old collection of snapshots, and cut the pictures of your friends from these. Paste these on the hearts, letting them substitute for their names. The older the snapshots, the more fun for all.

For favors, purchase some little mirrors (purse size). Scotch tape a flap of white or red paper over the face of these, to conceal the mirror. Paste each mirror in the center of a round paper doily. On the flap write or print (using red ink if the flap is made of white paper):

Look and you shall see
A Lovely Valentine!

And near the bottom of the flap write in smaller letters:

Lift, to get a lift.

Your refreshments can be red gelatin fruit salad molded in heart-

shaped molds, served with dainty ribbon sandwiches filled with a ham spread for color. Peppermint ice cream with heart-shaped cookies for dessert. Little heart-shaped candies with fortunes on them can be purchased and put at every place.

Distribute red paper hearts for tallies, and on with the games!

Cupid's Darts. Sew a large red cloth heart on a sheet which is hung on a wall. Give each guest a gold paper arrow with a pin attached. Then blindfold the players, one at a time, and let each one try to pin his arrow as close to the center of the heart as possible.

Popularity Contest. Conceal about the room or house, a large number of red, gold and silver hearts. Have your guests hunt for these, and after a given time, have each count his hearts, red counting 10 points, gold 5 and silver 3. The one with the highest score wins the popularity contest.

Engagement Ring. Line up your guests in two equal teams. Give each one a toothpick, which he holds between his teeth. Place a ring (a candy LIFE-SAVER will substitute nicely) on the leader's tooth pick. He must, without the use of his hands, deposit the

(Continued on page 43.)

CAN CANT

A brand-new indoor game

By Walter King

Salmon, cocoa, peaches or tomato cans are used as receptacles for this new, fascinating indoor game. Select various sizes of empty tin cans and nail seven of them as shown, to a twelve by fifteen piece of plywood. The small nails used are driven through each can about one-fourth inch from the top and on the inside. The four CAN cans form the eyes and ears. The three CANT cans are the hat, nose, and mouth. When nailing is completed you can easily finish off the board to look like a can man. (See diagram on the next page.)

To play the game, contestants must stand eight feet away from the board, which is set up on a chair. The idea of the game is to toss tennis balls or marbles into the cans. If you pack the receptacles about half full of paper, it will aid in retrieving the balls or marbles and help dull the sound.

The playing rules are odd. Each player gets six chances per round. The eyes count 10 points each, but the ears count only 5 points each since they are well removed from the CANT cans. However, once a player's ball lands in a CANT can, he can't throw any more that round. This means his number of throws is greatly reduced.

For example, if a player's first throw lands in the mouth, he forfeits his remaining five throws for that round. If he misses two shots, lands in an eye, and then lands in the hat, he scores ten for the eye and forfeits his remaining shots.

You will see from this that accuracy is of real importance in CAN CANT. You can't afford to throw blindly and trust to luck, as in darts, because the CANT cans prevent you from getting your full number of shots at the CAN cans.

Did you ever have a

NOTHING DINNER?

By Elizabeth Lee

Ever lonely? Ever wish you had the time to invite more company to dinner? But there are the children, and the cleaning, and the cooking a big meal! And besides, with prices the way they are now, you can't afford it!

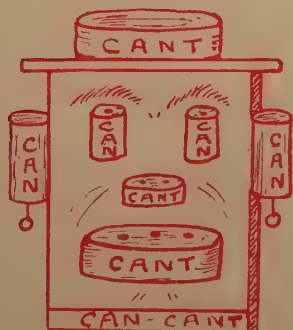
You can banish all these difficulties. You can create fellowship and happiness for whole groups in your church. Just introduce the custom-made Nothing Dinner!

Did you ever notice that invariably when you ask a woman what she is going to have for dinner, she replies, "Oh, nothing! Just what I had last night, warmed over!" So that's where you start.

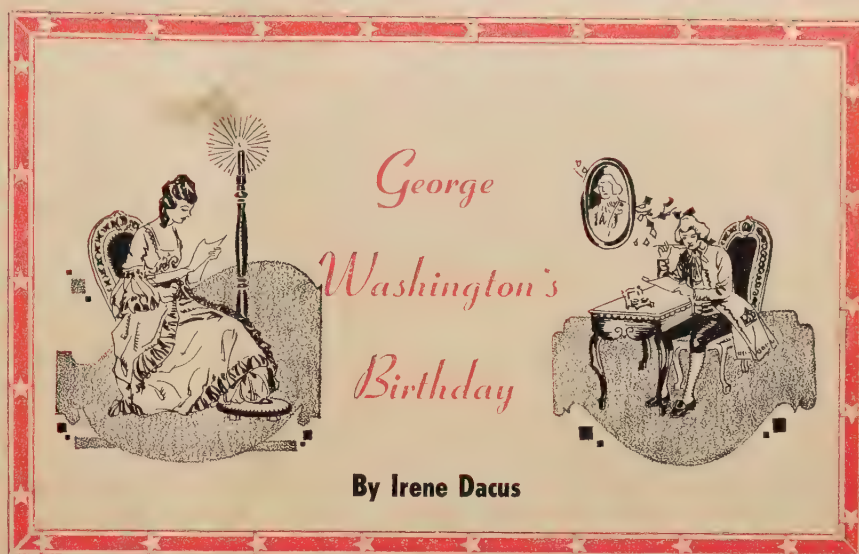
You decide which group of four couples you will invite for the evening . . . even on that very afternoon, if the urge comes upon you. Call them up and explain that this is a Nothing Dinner. That each woman is to bring just what she has already prepared in her refrigerator; on her honor she is not to cook an extra thing!

When everyone arrives with her nothing, it makes the most amazing meal you have ever eaten. You'll have as much fun as you ever had at any dinner party.

A good time is guaranteed!



GAME OF CAN CANT



Washington's Birthday, and a holiday from school! What a fine day for a party for the teen-agers! The invitations will, of course, be in a patriotic theme. Red, white and blue candles can be used for the decorations for the house, with miniature hatchets and cherry trees or cherry candy balls for favors. Attractive tallies suitable for the occasion can be obtained at the Dime Store, and with simple refreshments of cherry pie and hot chocolate, or cherry ice cream sodas, with perhaps popcorn balls and cherry candies, you'll find the young folks enjoying the birthday of the Father of Our Country. Plan a few simple games, and watch them enthusiastically enter the contests.

Life of Washington. Give each guest a small portion of modeling clay, or a bar of soap and a knife, and have them mold or "sculpt" something appropriate to Washington's life and time. You might suggest such things as a hatchet, cherry tree, sword, musket, Colonial lady, a horse, an Indian, Mt. Vernon or the Liberty Bell. Let the guests vote on the merits of the art work, and score accordingly. You may find a budding sculptor in your midst.

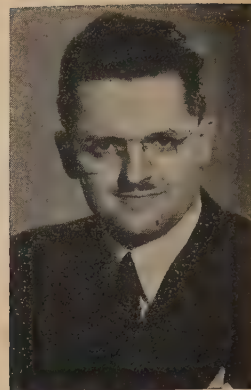
Cherries. Place about twenty red cherry candy balls on the table in front of the contestant. With the aid of two toothpicks have him lift the cherries, one at a time, from

the table into a saucer, which is placed a few inches away. Only those safely delivered to the saucer count.

Presidents: Distribute sheets of paper and pencils. See how many Presidents of the United States each guest can list, starting with Washington, but not necessarily in order. The highest number scores 100. Give a bonus of 50 for anyone who gets them all, and an additional bonus of 50 if in the right order.

Crossing the Delaware: Cut an eight-inch square hole in a large carton. Place the carton upside down at one end of the room. About four feet in front of the carton place a chair, the back of which is about four feet high. Give each contestant three 6-inch bean bags, and have him stand about four feet back of the chair. He must attempt to throw the bags over the chair (which represents the Delaware River) and into the carton (which gets Washington and his men, represented by the bean bags, safely on the other side). Give each contestant two turns and score the number of bags landing safely in the carton.

Add the scores on the tallies, and award inexpensive prizes to the several highest winners. Have them wrapped in red or blue tissue paper and tied with white ribbon, so that the party will end on a festive note.



Family Counselor

If your husband criticizes you too much, be sure to analyze him by the methods cited here. He is probably a "projector," and is beating down your pride because his own vanity has been seriously wounded. Note how males do this from David's age until the grave.

When David, our youngest child, was two and a half years old, he came home from church school in an ill humor because he forgot to put his money in the collection basket.

"No like mamma!" he spoke angrily as he hurled himself upon the davenport. "Mamma naughty! No like mamma!" he exclaimed vigorously, and cried for several minutes.

THE "PROJECTION" PHENOMENON

In psychology, this behavior is called "projection." It starts in early childhood and is typical even of us adults, too, for we often blame others for our own mistakes.

Mrs. Crane was not at fault in today's case, but David felt irritable at himself because he failed to deposit his money on the collection plate, as Danny and Judy had done. He felt deflated, therefore, in his ego or pride. He wasn't a "big boy" like his brother Danny. So he was very irritable. In order to re-inflate his vanity, he decided to belittle those around him so that he could deflate them to such a point that he would stand out by contrast. And he picked on the very person he loved best—his mother.

CHILDISH HUSBANDS

She didn't feel unduly aggrieved, however, because his behavior was so transparent. But many wives become unduly tearful and dejected when their husbands likewise snarl at them and belittle their complexion or figure, failing to realize that such remarks are often "projection."

A menopausal wife called me on the telephone a few minutes ago and tearfully explained how her husband has been telling her that she looks like an old hag, and that her clothes are terrible and that everybody wonders why he ever married her, including himself, etc., etc.

Don't you remember that great psychologist of Elizabethan England who had his character say: "He doth protest too much"? Incidentally, Shakespeare and the Bible are the best textbooks of psychology you can procure.

This unhappy wife should instantly have realized that her husband was protesting too much. The fact that he was so obsessed with the idea of belittling her pride, should have made her wonder if his own vanity had not been seriously wounded.

CERCHEZ LA FEMME

In detective work, it is very important to look for the motive behind the crime. The familiar French phrase, *cherchez la femme*, illustrates this point. Wives would be much happier if they learned to see through their husbands' criticisms to the motives behind them. Then, like Mrs. Crane in her attitude in respect

to David's insult, they could shrug their shoulders and avoid the hurt to their vanity.

The tearful wife whom I just mentioned above told me that her husband is ten years older than herself. And he is really worried because she is much more youthful looking than himself. She has an attractive figure, a beautiful complexion, and really dresses herself in good taste. She is charming in appearance. But he feels that he is fading and failing. This thought terrifies him. In his anger and panic, he turns upon the woman he really loves and makes illogical attacks upon her appearance.

"Mamma naughty!" exclaims David when he has made the mistake. And so it is with all of us husbands at times. We blame our wives for our own errors. Discriminating wives, however, can see through our behavior.

Send for my 100-point "Test for a Popular Husband." Use it for self-analysis to improve your batting average as a husband.

* * *

Joyce's mother labels herself as "hard" by a single sentence. Parents should always set a good POSITIVE example before their children, for we acquire our language and our cultural attitudes, as well as our religion and political beliefs, largely from imitation.

Joyce K., aged 5, is an attractive little girl. She was seated beside her mother in a Chicago bus when I got on. I sat down two seats behind them. Within a few minutes, her mother rang the bell to get off and approached the rear exit. Apparently, the

bus driver overlooked her signal, for he took her past the corner. The mother pulled the bell cord once more, and then spoke sarcastically: "What did the — fool think I was standing here for, anyway?"

When she got off at the next corner, a middle-aged man seated directly in front of me turned and said: "That was certainly uncalled for, wasn't it? She looked like a cultured woman and the little girl seemed very sweet. But what kind of language is that child going to have when she grows up? I'm a businessman, but I realize it is harder to be a good parent than a good merchant. Don't you think so?"

CHILDREN IMITATE

You may remember my citation of Conradi's interesting experiment in which he placed some English sparrow eggs in a canary's nest, where they hatched. The baby sparrows never saw nor heard their own species but were reared exclusively in the canary environment. Soon they began to trill and sing like canaries. "None of these sparrows ever had the characteristic call note of the wild species," says Conradi, "but by and by adopted those of the canary. They imitated the canary perfectly except that their voices did not have the musical finish."

SET A GOOD EXAMPLE

Although human beings have a brain which permits them to do logical thinking, much of our life is made up of routine habits initiated by our environment. We speak English, not because of a logical choice, but because that is the common language in the United States. Similarly, we can absorb a liking for good music and good literature if we have been exposed to such influences in our childhood. Morality is also partly absorbed by imitation, just as Conradi's sparrows picked up the canary trills. Since the power of example is so profound, therefore, in making us good or bad, cultured or

boorish, it is especially tragic to see parents surround their children with unfavorable stimulation.

SALACIOUS PARENTS

When our oldest son was eight years of age, he would come home with salacious stories, which he dutifully told his mother. He said a certain boy in his room brought a new story every day. Where did this other youngster pick up those risqué stories? He told my son that he heard his father and mother tell them. Thus, those thoughtless parents were developing salaciousness in a child before he should be interested in such sex topics. And through their bad influence, they were polluting an entire school.

If you wish to be a good parent, you must be consistent, and your consistency should be in good deeds and desirable speech. If parents smoke and drink, curse or tell vulgar stories before their children, what can they expect from their youngsters?

"Sow the wind and ye reap the whirlwind," says our greatest psychology textbook, the Bible.

If a young woman wishes to cheapen herself and degrade her feminine charm, that may be her legal right, but it certainly is not the privilege of any mother or father to prejudice a child's chance for happiness and respectability.

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this magazine when you send for one of his psychological charts. Enclose a long, 3-cent, self-addressed envelope plus a dime for each chart.)

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

Biblegram, page 18.

"Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen. For by it the men of old received divine approval."—Hebrews 11:1-2.

The Words

- | | |
|----------|----------|
| A Behave | L Moron |
| B Five | M Feet |
| C Oily | N Thin |
| D Inch | O Divine |
| E Wrong | P Torch |
| F Gift | Q Safe |
| G Coop | R Fine |
| H Fish | S Toad |
| I Spoon | T Stand |
| J Nurse | U Toes |
| K Halved | V Chip |
- W Rotten

Answers to Puzzlers

(From page 15.)

BIBLE QUIZ: THE HEART

1. "There is no God."—Ps. 53:1.
2. "On the outward appearance."—1 Sam. 16:7.
3. Weighs him down.—Prov. 12:25.
4. "Makes the heart sick."—Prov. 13:12.
5. Joab.—2 Sam. 18:14.
6. Mary.—Luke 2:19.
7. With his "whole heart."—1 Chron. 29:19.
8. Solomon's.—1 Kings 11:3.
9. "There will your heart be also."—Matt. 6:21.
10. "Let not your hearts be troubled; believe in God, believe also in me."

VALENTINE QUEEN QUIZ

1. Queen Guinevere.
2. Queen Gertrude of Denmark.
3. Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.
4. The Queen Mary.
5. The Queen of Hearts.
6. Queens Borough.
7. Queen-of-the-meadow.
8. Queen of Sheba.
9. Queen's ware.
10. Queen Esther.
11. Queenstown.
12. Queen Victoria.
13. Queensland.
14. Queen Jezebel.
15. Queen Elizabeth.

Saint Valentine's Day

(From page 40.)

ring on the next person's toothpick, and so on down the line and back. The team finishing first scores 100, the other 75.

Sentimental Journey. Collect from magazines or newspapers the pictures of couples appearing in the news, for example, the President and his First Lady, Queen Elizabeth and her husband. Mount each person's picture separately on a passport (a red heart or card). Pass them around, one to each guest. Tell each one to find his traveling companion. Have the first three couples that get together come to the front of the room and, without mentioning names, hold a conversation with each other until the other guests guess who they are supposed to be. Give the winning couples ten points each.

Add the scores, and award appropriate prizes to the several highest.

STUDY GUIDE

on "Homework for Ma and Pa"

By CLIFTON C. MCCOY

—Study Article, page 10

I. General Suggestions.—

A. Ask teachers of children's classes to be present at this meeting, bringing their teaching material, class workbooks, pictures, etc.

B. Ask the parents of one child in each age group to be familiar with the article and to study the literature coming to the home for parents of their particular age group.

C. Prepare a display of materials sent into the homes, arranging them according to class or age group. Parents then can see exactly what they should be receiving from the church school to help them in the home guidance of their children.

D. Have a display of other materials helpful to parents, such as books, pamphlets, magazine articles, etc.

E. Invite to the meeting the minister, director of education, chairman of the education department, or some other person who is familiar with the total curriculum of child education and materials.

II. The Program.—

A. Have someone picture briefly the various stages of experience, understanding and development of children from infancy to the intermediate age or beyond.

1. Can a child of five, for example, be taught effectively in a class with children of three or eight or ten? Why?

2. What are the natural age groupings for churches of small memberships?

3. Has the experience of any been different from these?

B. Discuss the spiritual training of children in each age group separately. (The following outline applies only to one age group. Use it as a model for other age groups.)

1. Have the parent couple and nursery teacher lead a discussion on the materials to be used with this age.

a) Let the teacher speak on class materials.

b) Let the parents speak on materials coming into the home for their help in the spiritual guidance of nursery-age children. They might tell how they themselves use the materials.

c) Note the definite tie-in of class materials with the literature going into the home.

d) Ask the group for specific problems involved in using the materials.

e) Face questions frankly; discuss suggestions; give answers from your experience and from the experience of those preparing the materials.

f) Ask for examples of the correct use of materials in the home.

2. Let's have some fun.

a) Ask two persons to serve as "parents" of an average family.

b) Have three other adults represent children of various ages.

c) Let this "average family" give a demonstration of family night at home.

d) One "child" will want to play one game, while another will insist on

using his game. One "child" may pout because his song is not used. How will the "parents" deal with this problem?

e) How will the "parents" decide on what stories or Scripture to use with children of three different ages?

f) Give a demonstration of how spiritual teachings might be promoted in various instances, such as in play, or by looking at the snow, or by doing things together.

C. Have the person who is familiar with the total curriculum and with child psychology give a conclusion to the discussion and demonstration.

III. Questions for Discussion.—

A. Should the materials coming into the home be read and then filed away, or kept handy for constant reference?

B. Do the parents use the same stories over and over, or do they read them once and then forget about them? What value is there in repeating stories to children?

C. What about the spiritual nurture of the parents? Do the materials coming into the home from the church school for use with children meet the total spiritual needs of the parents? Should their study and meditation be beyond that which is used with the children.

D. Can such devotional material as is found in *The Secret Place* be used with pre-school children? With primary children? With junior children? What use can be made of the worship materials in *Hearthstone*?

E. Does the same person lead the grace at each meal, or is it done alternately by each member? Should a small child be permitted to assume the great responsibility of leading the family's thanks at mealtime? Should a child read a printed grace from his book or leaflet?

F. Should a family invite the teacher or minister to participate in a family night at home, or to take part in good-night devotions?

G. Is it wise for the parents always to follow the suggestions of the children? Or to make all the decisions themselves?

H. Is money well spent which is used to purchase home magazines? Children's books? Comics?

I. What version or versions of the Bible should be used with children?

WHEN CHILDREN COME WITH YOU

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories about children around the world; how they, too, are God's children; and how children in America can give money and articles to help needy children elsewhere will help prepare the boys and girls for participation in the "One Great Hour of Sharing."

Guide in Making Articles. Children enjoy making valentines. They may be sent to other children, to parents, to teachers, to missionaries, and to others. Suggestions for making valentines may be found in the primary and junior story papers and in such books as *Holiday Craft and Fun* by Joseph Leeming.

Direct Games. Games which are fun and help in understanding children of other countries can be found in *Children's Games From Many Lands*, by Nina Millen. Excellent songs of other countries are contained in the book *The Whole World Singing*, by Edith Lovell Thomas. Children will enjoy singing these songs; they will also like to look at the pictures and hear the stories in *Bedtime Around the World*, a series by Nina Millen and Janet Smalley.

Is it wise to use with children just any Scripture picked at random?

IV. Additional Resources—

At Home with Children: The Guide to Pre-School Play and Training, by Charlotte Gano Garrison and E. D. Sheehy. Henry Holt and Company, 1943. 256 pages; \$2.50.

Guiding Children in Christian Growth, by Mary Alice Jones. Abingdon-Cokesbury, Nashville, Tenn., 1949. 160 pages; \$1.00.

The Faith of Our Children, by Mary Alice Jones. Abingdon-Cokesbury, Nashville, Tenn., 1943. 175 pages; \$1.50.

Guiding Children in Worship, by Vesta Towner. Abingdon-Cokesbury, Nashville, Tenn., 1946. 159 pages; \$1.00.

The Children We Teach, by Elizabeth S. Whitehouse. American Baptists, 1950. 304 pages; \$2.50.

"Your Child Grows Toward God," by Pearl Rosser. Judson Press, Philadelphia, 1944. 22 pages; 15 cents.

"Christian Family Life," a bulletin of the Department of Religious Education of the National Council of Churches.

"Applying Nursery School Methods of Child Training in the Home," a pamphlet published by Kansas State College, Manhattan, Kansas.

Filmstrip, "At Home with God." Seventy frames; two 10-inch records. Rental, \$2.50; sale, \$15.00.

You-Know-Who

(From page 36.)

Daddy came to the kitchen. Molly stopped long enough to see what his intentions were. He stepped over her, back and forth, as if she were a rug or the yellow kitten. She writhed in agony, beat her fists on the cold linoleum, and screamed.

Daddy went out of the kitchen, shut the door, and stayed in the bedroom with Mamma and the new baby.

Molly, tired of kicking, tired of crying, lay limp and exhausted. The early morning sun peeped over the window sill and shone brightly on the tear puddles on the floor. Molly traced a lace-work of wet lines with her forefinger and listened. Down the hall there was low laughter. Then a door opened, Daddy came to the kitchen again and stepped over her to stand by the cupboards. He stood scratching his head for a moment and then started looking for something. He pulled packages and boxes this way and that—very messy. Daddy didn't know the first thing about keeping the shelf nice and straight. He pulled out a handful of raisins and popped them into his mouth without even looking toward Molly, and he forgot to put the cocoa can back on the shelf. He left the drainboard cluttered with odds and ends, cups and saucers, even the cookies from the top

shelf. Mamma would never leave such a sight. But Daddy seemed very happy, indeed. He hummed, "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning!" as he stepped over Molly and went to the bedroom leaving the door open.

THERE WAS a great deal of merri-ment in the other room. "Paul," Mamma was saying in a voice loud and clear. Molly did not have to strain to hear. "Paul, I wish you knew how to cook."

Daddy was chewing raisins, Molly could tell. But she heard every word he was saying. "It would be nice. But Mrs. White will be here in another forty minutes to get the meals and take care of the house."

"Please, Paul. I'm hungry," said Mamma in a begging voice.

"Sorry, dear. But I don't know the first thing about cooking." Daddy didn't sound sorry.

"I'll bet Molly could get me something to eat."

"Molly? Are you kidding? She's just a baby herself."

"I'll bet she could fix something nice if she knew I was hungry."

"Just what could a little girl like Molly make for breakfast?"

"She's mixed cocoa for tea parties and it's real good." Molly smiled and remembered how proud she was of knowing how to make cocoa. And it was a very short distance from the middle of the kitchen floor to the drain-board where the cocoa and sugar rested among all that clutter. She rolled over and crossed her legs. With the sun warming her on one side, her leg swinging, making a dancing shadow on the other side, Molly considered the cocoa idea.

Mamma's voice came clear as a bell. "It would make me feel that Molly is a big girl already if she should come in here with a tray full of something nice she made herself."

Daddy laughed at that. Molly's foot became rigid, and she smiled to herself as she jumped up to prepare the big-gest tea party ever.

Daddy stayed in the bedroom and once again talked about You-know-who. Molly was too busy to listen, and even the new baby faded into the background of the new job she had decided to do. It was surprisingly easy. Mamma couldn't have made it taste better.

IT HAD BECOME very quiet in the bedroom. Molly balanced her tray and walked slowly, slopping over just a little, down the long, long hall to the bedroom. She reached the open door and said loudly, as though this could be expected every morning, "Breakfast is ready."

Mamma winked at Daddy. Daddy helped Molly put the tray beside the bed and his eyes were smiling in the special kind of way just for her. "That's my big girl, now," he said.

Molly smiled at Mamma and they all smiled at one another.

Molly reached out and rested her finger within the pink petal fingers of baby brother. When she tried to draw away, he curled his fingers around hers so tight the tips turned white. A great lump came up in Molly's throat, and she felt good all over.

A little later when she sat on the back porch, with Mrs. White rattling the dishes in the kitchen, the memory of baby's fingers around hers lingered still. And the yellow kitten catching butterflies in the garden did not turn into a tiger, and the black warriors didn't come screaming from the tall grass. They lay dead, quite dead.

We Can Help War-Tense Youth

(From page 3.)

time alone—without man's aid—solves many problems; that the wise person prepares himself for a brighter, not a blacker, tomorrow.

Obviate Family Tensions

But I would add, too, that international politics is seldom the major cause of a young person's having difficulty in school. By and large, the things that play hob with a child's schoolwork are strictly family matters: difficulties between parent and parent; difficulties between parent and child.

In fact, I can't picture a young person's having an emotional problem—in school or elsewhere—that results purely from war tension. I believe that war tension gets hold of a young person only when his basic security has already been destroyed by family discord.

In a time when young people, even the luckiest, have more worries than they should, I'd say that we parents are under particular obligation to keep family problems at a minimum. We ought to build the kind of home that strengthens our children's confidence, not saps it.

These days at least, we parents ought to make special effort to become adult ourselves—treat our spouses and offspring with all possible self-control, reasonableness, and charity. When we fail in this, we add to our children's mental burdens at a moment in history when those burdens are already very heavy.

We parents *can* do something—though certainly not nearly so much as we'd like—by way of helping our young folks through today's stresses and strains, confusions and frustrations.

We can avoid hysteria in ourselves. We can—*must*—keep our own houses in order. We must maintain our own faith in a better tomorrow.

Thus we shall give our children the only mental security that is available today—*hope*. Thus we shall encourage them to plan and study, to live as well as possible in the present, and to equip themselves for a more benignant future.

WHAT THE CHURCHES ARE DOING IN

family life



By J. D. MONTGOMERY

Building a Christian Home—

The North Street Church of Christ at Butler, Pennsylvania, conducted a special series of programs at its Sunday evening hour during the fall and winter months. For the five Sunday evenings from October 5 to November 2, the series dealt with "Building a Christian Home." This part of the series was planned to combine features of the youth program with the adult without interrupting the on-going youth program. Also, provision was made for the children in age-grouping while the parents and youth were in their programs. The themes and the main features of the program for the series on the home were as follows:

First Sunday.—Love Need Not Be Blind. The brief message of the minister, following the worship, dealt with problems which arise in courtship, including the problem of inter-faith marriages. Next, a sound movie was shown, entitled *This Charming Couple*. This brought out in a wholesome way issues which young people face in courtship.

Second Sunday.—You Can Be Happily Married. The emphasis of the evening message was on what constitutes a program for a happy and successful marriage. The sound movie film was used with this theme, *Who's Boss*.

Third Sunday.—What You've Been Waiting For. In his message of the evening the minister portrayed events related to the arrival of children in the home, bringing a challenge to parents as first teachers of religion. The filmstrip with records entitled *For the Record* helped to emphasize the importance of the job which parents have as parents.

Fourth Sunday.—The Family on Its Knees. Here the minister dealt with the religious life of the family and ways of worship in the home. The sound movie, *The Bible on the Table*, helped to make real the place of family worship.

Fifth Sunday.—Do You Take This One? This departed somewhat from the preceding programs as the atmosphere of a wedding was in the foreground. The service was conducted as a wedding. All couples who had been married by the present minister during his seven years with this church were invited as guests. As a part of the program, each couple joined hands and reaffirmed their wedding vows. Following the formal part of the service, a reception was held with a wedding cake as one of the attractive features.

Related Church Worship and Church School—

The First Christian Church, Tucson, Arizona, combines in an admirable way on Sunday mornings its worship service and its church school classes. As a part of this program two almost identical worship services are held each Sunday morning. This plan provides in the first service a commendable family feature whereby the entire family can attend church together. It also enables parents and children above the pre-school age to share parts of the service as a family.

The first service starts at 9:00 a.m. and the parents and children finish with church and classes at 10:50. During the entire period the pre-school children are in their respective groups, the first hour and ten minutes in church school classes and the last forty minutes in a play period. The adults and all the other children (first grade and older) attend a worship service together in the sanctuary. This service concludes with the offering and a children's story at 9:35. At that time, the primary and junior children go into their regular church school classes, and the adults and older youth remain in the sanctuary for the sermon.

At the close of the morning service at 10:10, the older youth and adults divide into their regular classes, which continue for forty minutes, or until 10:50, when all classes close for this group and the family is ready to return home.

The second service, which is identical with the first except that there is no children's story, starts at 11:00 and closes at 12:05. No provision is made during this service for primary and junior children, but the nursery is open for pre-school children as in the earlier service.

Young Adult Conference with Family Emphasis—

The eighty-one persons who said farewell to friends and associates on leaving Cradle Beach Camp at Angola, New York, on September 1, showed by their enthusiasm and radiant smiles that the experiences of their preceding three-day session there had been more than just another conference. They had been together in study, in worship, in recreation and in family fellowship.

The occasion for their experiences had been the fifth annual Young Adult Week-end Conference, sponsored by the Churches of Christ in New York. The Conference had opened with the evening meal on August 29 and closed with the noon meal on Labor Day, September 1. Of the eighty-one persons in attendance, fifty-five were adults, including the faculty.

During the morning the conference was divided into age groupings. During the first period the parents were in two study groups, discussing the topics "Visitation Evangelism" and "Religion in the Home." Then followed an assembly or worship period with a second study period on the subjects "Creative Choices in Life" and "Religion and Health." The children were also in their respective groups with leaders for the pre-school, the primary and the juniors. Following the evening meal, vespers were held with the entire group together. At 9:00 o'clock, after the small children were in bed, the adults and young people were led in a discussion forum on the theme, "How to be an intelligent church member."

Books for the Hearth Side

FOR CHILDREN

When I sew, my youngster enjoys "straightening out" my sewing basket for me. As she examines every item, we discuss its use and importance. To a small child a sewing basket and its contents are very fascinating. Sometimes I give her a needle and thread and a handful of odd buttons to sew on one of her doll dresses as decoration. She likes to make these button-bespangled dresses for her dolls. This is an interesting task not too difficult for a six- or seven-year-old, if an adult is there to supervise and keep tabs on the needle!

My neighbor's five-year-old likes to "help" his mother make out the grocery shopping list. He checks through the canned goods in the pantry to see what is needed. Although he can't read, he can usually tell by the pictures on the labels what is in the cans. And when there is no illustration to guide him, he asks his mother. When he finds only one can of something he reminds his mother, "This is the last can of tomatoes, Mother." And Mother notes it on her shopping list. His mother says he is a great little "reminder," and between them they have lots of fun making out the grocery list.

Not only do tasks of this kind keep small children happily occupied, but they also give them the wonderful satisfaction of knowing they are doing something that gives help and pleasure to others. We all like to feel we are needed and important, and small children are no exception to this feeling!

So the next time your youngster is bored and asks, "Mother, what can I do now?" look around your house. You are sure to find a very "important" job that will be just right for him!



"She says, 'So this is THE SHADOW. Well, this is the last call, or THE SHADOW is going to get a spanking!'"

An attractive book is **Carlos and Conchita in Guatemala**, by Alida Vreeland (Aladdin Books, 147 pages, \$2.50). Carlos and Conchita are an Indian boy and girl who grew up in villages far apart in Guatemala. How they met and how the great flood of 1949 changed their lives so that they were able to bring health and happiness to the people in their land, is the interesting story in this book. Boys and girls nine years old, and older, will enjoy this colorful and entertaining book.

♦ ♦ ♦

Johnny Gets Out the Vote, by Wilbur J. Granberg (Aladdin Books, 174 pages, \$2.00) is informative, as well as entertaining. Johnny helps to campaign for his father, who is running for the State Legislature. He learns a lot of important facts about a political campaign. Readers of this story will learn a lot, too. Boys and girls eight years old, and older, will like this book.

♦ ♦ ♦

An unusual collection of folklore has been gathered by Natalia Belting in her book **The Moon Is a Crystal Ball** (Bobbs-Merrill, 150 pages, \$2.50). The stories it contains are myths and interpretations of the stars. The tales had their origin in such countries as India, Rumania, China and many others. This book will certainly stimulate interest in the stars, as well as entertain its young readers.

♦ ♦ ♦

Aladdin Books has introduced a new series, the **American Heritage Series**, in an effort to bring to life certain outstanding events, places and personalities that have had an important part in building our American Democracy. These books are well written and will be exciting and wholesome reading for boys and girls ten years old, and older. In the series are **The Captive Island**, by August Derleth; **Wheat Won't Wait**, by Adele Gutman Nathan; **Back of Beyond**, by George Cory Franklin; **Over Mountain Boy**, by William O. Steele; **The Country of the Hawk**, by August Derleth; **Ladd of the Lone Star**, by Allan R. Bosworth; **Cowman's Kingdom**, by Edmund Collier; **Jed Smith, Trail Blazer**, by Frank Latham; **Printer's Devil**, by Emma Gelders Sterne; and **Passage to Texas**, by Iris Vinton. (Each book has 192 pages; \$1.75.)

♦ ♦ ♦

George, the Handcart Boy, by Howard R. Driggs (Aladdin, 80 pages, \$2.00), is an exciting true story of a young boy who, with his family, moved from Manchester town in England to Utah. They were members of the Mormon church, and took the long, weary journey to Utah in order to enjoy the freedom it promised to the Mormon settlers. Boys and girls nine to eleven years old will find this interesting reading.

♦ ♦ ♦

Two additions to the **Childhood of Famous American Series** (Bobbs-Merrill, 192 pages each, \$1.75) are **Molly Pitcher**, **Girl Patriot**, by Augusta Stevenson, and **Dan Morgan, Boy of the Wilderness**, by Bernice Bryant. These books are excellent for the young reader's library.

♦ ♦ ♦

Harmony Ahead, by Julilly Kohler (Aladdin, 188 pages, \$2.50), is a well-told story of the voyage of the famous **Boatload of Knowledge** down the Ohio River in 1825 to the newly planned city of New Harmony. Robert Owen is introduced as one of the characters in the book. This is good reading for advanced juniors.



February Facts

... Our second month gets its name from a Latin word which means "feast of purification." When January and February were added to the ten-month year, the former was placed first and the latter twelfth. In A.D. 482, February was placed in its present position in the calendar. ... February has citizenship significance in that it contains the birthdays of two of our country's greatest Presidents, Washington and Lincoln. ... February is also the month in which the ideal of brotherhood among men receives growing emphasis. The home can make great use of Brotherhood Week as well as the other more commonly observed celebrations of the month. ... **Remember!** Fog, rain, sleet, and snow cause many accidents on highways and streets. But, 82 per cent of all fatal traffic accidents occur on perfectly clear days! Drive carefully *all the time!*

Do Americans Believe in God?

A recent survey conducted thoroughly and scientifically under the sponsorship of the *Catholic Digest* reveals that 99 per cent of our fellow citizens say they do believe in God. Only 1 per cent admit they are guilty of the charge of the psalmist,

The fool says in his heart,
"There is no God."

We are glad for this statistical evidence of faith and grateful to the *Catholic Digest* for spending a large sum of money to have the survey made by technical researchers.

However, the question still remains, "Do Americans *really* believe in God?"

What are the practical consequences of one's belief in God? That is the crucial test. It was Jesus who said, "You will know them by their fruits." It was James who echoed that thought in his "Faith apart from works is barren . . . dead."

Surely a real belief in God on the part of 99 per cent of the population in the United States would result in many changes in our national life. Is it really safe to assume that all the troubles, evil, corruption, crime, and vice originate with the 1 per cent who admit to atheism? It is probably much more realistic to recognize that many who say with their lips that they believe in God make quite another confession with their lives. Theoretically, they believe; practically, they disbelieve.

This fact can be illustrated at two of the most obvious points. Although 99 per cent say they believe, only a little more than 50 per cent of our people are affiliated with any religious institution. Furthermore, only 1.9 per cent of every dollar spent in the U. S. A. goes to religious and charitable work. "Faith apart from works is barren."

"Operation Spools"

Are you looking for a project with infinite possibilities? Then find out about "Operation Spools." Write to AWVS National Headquarters, 500 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. and ask for information and leaflets describing the spool project.

The project is simply to transform all sorts and sizes of spools from which the thread has been used into a wide variety of toys that will bring happiness to children in hospitals, mission lands, war-torn countries, social service institutions, orphan homes, and to home-confined children.

It can be a home project for the entire family to share in or it can be one which some organization in your church can take on.

Important Days

The next two months will be a time of intense activity in the churches. Pastors will be giving part of their time to the task of leading girls and boys and young people to accept Christ as their personal Savior.

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